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(An Educational Supplement will be published with our next issue.)

NOTES.

THE news of the week is that the rebellion in Rhodesia has at length been brought to an end, and, if we can believe the correspondents, Mr. Rhodes's personal intervention had something to do with this good result. We see evidences of his energy, too, in the announcement that the railway from Mafeking will soon be completed as far as Palapye, and may be expected to reach Buluwayo in a year or so. The Beira railway also is being pushed on vigorously. In a couple of years Buluwayo will have direct communication with Cape Town, Salisbury will be linked with Beira and the East Coast steamers, and then the question whether there are valuable gold mines in Rhodesia will soon be solved definitively. As a pacificator of savages, too, the iron horse is without a rival, and consequently we may venture to hope that there will be no more Matabele risings. There is a rumour that Mr. Rhodes, after having done his best for Rhodesia, will return to London and place himself at the disposal of the Committee of Inquiry. We do not know whether the report is true or not; we do know that the more Mr. Rhodes does for Rhodesia, the better it will be for himself in the long run.

It really seems now and then as if the Government at Pretoria was determined to do everything in its power, even after the event, to justify the Jameson raid. This week a telegram reached London to the effect that the First Volksraad of the Transvaal has decided to prohibit mining under *bewaarplaatsen* claims at present, and has suggested that these claims should be sold for the benefit partly of the Government and partly of the farmers—the original owners of the land. There is some doubt as to the meaning of the telegram, and therefore we will postpone the discussion of the question until such time as our information is complete; but we are afraid that the Transvaal Government has persuaded itself that, because the law does not speak clearly on this matter, it may benefit its burghers at the expense of the foreign mining companies without doing much harm. As a matter of fact, such a decision as the ambiguous telegram indicates would ruin not a few of the great Rand mining companies, and would injure twenty others. We can only hope that the Transvaal Government will now take to heart the phrase so often on the lips of President Kruger:—"It is righteousness that exalteth a nation."

Rear-Admiral Rawson, it seems, reached Zanzibar in the nick of time. At 7 o'clock on Thursday morning he sent an ultimatum to Said Khalid, the usurper, calling on him to haul down his flag and surrender himself

a prisoner, and directing his followers to pile their arms and leave the palace before 9 A.M., and intimating that if he disobeyed these injunctions British warships would open fire on the palace. Khalid began to increase his fortifications, and a corvette in his possession loaded her guns and trained them on the British squadron. Rear-Admiral Rawson paid no attention to all this until nine had struck, and then his ships opened fire. Forty minutes afterwards the corvette was sunk, the enemies' guns silenced, the palace a heap of smouldering ruins, and Khalid a refugee in the German Consulate. And now Hamud, our choice, is Sultan of Zanzibar. This result may be disappointing; many persons believed that Khalid's impudence had given us a good opportunity to abolish Arab rule and slavery with it, and to turn Zanzibar into a British colony; but France and Germany, it appears, have still some Consular rights in Zanzibar, and Germany, of course, does not feel inclined to relinquish them in the cause of humanity and good government. Germany requires a material *quid pro quo*. Noble Germany!

As we predicted last week, the Nile Expedition has entered on its final stage, the advance on Dongola having begun on Wednesday, when the force which has been concentrated at Suarda, waiting for the rise of the Nile and the arrival of river transport, set out on its southward march, and occupied Absarat. There is still some delay in getting the fittings into the new gunboats, which were brought up the river in sections, but this need not retard the rest of the expedition, as the seven stern-wheel steamers and over two hundred sailing boats are through the cataracts, and available at once, and the new gunboats can easily catch them before the fighting begins, if there is any. The Sirdar and his staff have certainly had more than their share of ill-luck in the shape of cholera, sandstorms, a late Nile, and a terrific temperature; but his distinction will be all the greater in successfully pulling through an expedition that has encountered difficulties enough to disorganize the best laid plans.

It is clear that Major Dhanis's expedition on the Welle, of which the details are just leaking out, is part of the plan long ago agreed upon with the Congo Government for the purpose of carrying out joint operations for "smashing" the Khalifa. Nobody now imagines that the Anglo-Egyptian force will stop at Dongola, and if the process of driving the Dervishes southward and breaking up their great camp at Omdurman is carried out, precautions will have to be taken both in Uganda and in the Congo State with a view to making the process complete. Major Dhanis will probably reoccupy without opposition the ports on the Upper Nile between Lado and Duffeleh from which the Congo troops were driven a couple of years ago, and then, no doubt, he will take advantage of the opportunity to

push on as far north as Bohr, the southern outpost of the Khalifa's power in that direction. What will happen in the western part of Bahr el Ghazal, where the Dervish power is weakened by insurrections, and where the French may have something to say, it is impossible to predict; but everything points to a complete re-partition and reopening of that part of Africa which has for so many years been given over to anarchy.

Congratulations on the happy termination of the Cretan difficulty may safely be postponed for a while. It is now said that the Sultan has accepted in principle the scheme of autonomy agreed upon by the Powers, subject to some slight modifications which it is hoped will have been argued out of the way by the end of this week—and the correspondents at the various European capitals regard this as an ending to the entire difficulty. It is not, of course, impossible that these bright hopes may be realized; but the Turk has accepted any number of principles in past years, and always found some slight modification by which to render the whole affair ridiculous. When the Turkish garrison actually quits the island, and the Christian Governor is visibly installed at Canea, it will be time enough to say that the Cretan business is temporarily settled. Until then fighting will continue, and the peace of Europe will remain in jeopardy. The most serious conflicts in the course of the whole rising have occurred since the diplomatists arranged what they hoped would be a truce; and the Cretan insurgents are now so well supplied with arms that nothing short of Turkish evacuation, and an autonomy amounting in practice to independence, will induce them to stop fighting.

The Spaniards are spoken of as a civilized people, and the Cuban insurgents possess, in the abstract, a highly modern framework of Republican institutions, but the warfare between them is rapidly degenerating into pure barbarism. The provisional Government of the rebels have issued a decree forbidding all cultivation of the soil. Under it, any man who sows or gathers a crop will be shot as a traitor, and to this no exceptions are to be made, even where the offender is an avowed sympathizer with the rebels, and intends his crop for their use. Complete destruction of all kinds of property is furthermore enjoined, as a rule, upon the insurgent forces. On the other hand, General Weyler promulgates an order prohibiting all harvest operations throughout the coffee and sugar districts. Such crops as exist must be allowed to rot where they stand; the planter who seeks to save any portion of them will be shot. Thus both sides between them officially commit themselves to the annihilation of every form of wealth on the island, and the reduction of the entire population to beggary and starvation. This is plain savagery, and Christendom has as obvious a right to interfere to stop it as it has to suppress the slave trade.

It need surprise no one if President Cleveland does intervene, and that with decisive promptness, to save what is left of civilized life in Cuba. He occupies a personal position of peculiar independence, since from a politician's point of view the party which elected him to the Presidency may be said now hardly to exist. The Democrats have repudiated his fiscal policy, and the Republicans are, of course, at daggers-drawn with him on the subject of the Tariff. Measured by these standards of domestic politics, he would seem to be going out of office under a heavy cloud of unpopularity. But it is open to him to change all that in the twinkling of an eye, by this bold move in foreign politics. If he called "halt!" to Spain, it is certain that the two rival parties now fighting for the Presidency would outvie each other in enthusiastic support of his action. Neither Mr. McKinley nor Mr. Bryan would dream for a moment of attempting to stem the popular torrent of hatred for the Spaniard which such a step would let loose in America; they would be forced instead to add to its impetus by all the means at their disposal. The effect of such a violent diversion upon the pending campaign it is impossible to forecast, but it would at least restore Mr. Cleveland to his place as the chief figure in American public life—a consideration to which we have no reason for supposing that he is indifferent.

It is wonderful how bellicose your "Little Englander" becomes when he wants the State to step in to avenge his personal wrongs. Mr. Ben Tillett, in the face of distinct warnings and prohibitions, went across to Antwerp last week with the avowed intention of starting a movement that would "paralyse" the European shipping trade. The Belgian authorities, who have no wish to be "paralysed," especially by meddling foreigners, promptly took Mr. Tillett in hand, and fired him out in accordance with the well-known and perfectly legal procedure employed in such cases by every civilized Power, England excepted. Arrives Mr. Ben Tillett in London, and demands, in the finest Ashmead-Bartlett style, that all the resources of the Empire—naval, military, and reserve—shall instantly be set in motion to avenge the insult. Mr. Tillett and his backers have probably learnt by this time that when Englishmen go to a foreign country they are governed by the laws of that country, which they must obey or suffer the consequences. Arrest without a definite legal charge, and expulsion by executive decree, are, it is true, illegal in this country; but even a London County Council Alderman does not carry the British Constitution about with him as an atmosphere, and he must adapt himself to the climate he visits.

The Manchester Ship Canal possesses no attractions as a financial investment, but it does not follow that it is a failure, as some of the papers keep on crying out. Many a city spends millions in dock accommodation which can never be directly remunerative, and we fancy that Manchester has no cause to grumble even if she has to go for a long time without interest on the money advanced. The Canal has made Manchester a port open to ocean-going ships, an end in itself worth achieving, even at enormous cost, and the steadily rising volume of tonnage passing through the docks shows how it is appreciated. Then there is the fact that the competition has reduced railway rates—a truth of which every Manchester merchant feels the advantage. The Baltic Sea Canal is in an even worse position financially, but the German Treasury does not complain of the strain, for the passage of a fleet of full-sized men-of-war last week proved that it had accomplished its main purpose of effectively joining the Baltic and North Sea for purposes of coast defence.

Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C., and Mr. Pember, Q.C., have already been retained to appear for Mr. Rhodes before the Select Committee of Inquiry into South African affairs, which, by the way, will have to be re-nominated, and re-elected at the beginning of next Session. No better choice of advocates could have been made. Mr. Pope is not only the leader, by seniority and ability, of the Parliamentary Bar; he is one of the most forcible and impressive speakers living, whether in a committee-room, in a court of law, or at a public meeting. Mr. Pope has a very powerful voice, a little lacking in flexibility and musical *timbre* perhaps, but so resonant that he can with the greatest ease, and never seeming to rise above conversation pitch, make everybody hear every word he says—an effect which is aided, no doubt, by his very clear enunciation. His choice of words is natural and vigorous, without affectation or straining after rhetorical effect, and never undignified or familiar. He uses few or no notes, but his logical arrangement is perfect.

"Sam" Pope is a great favourite in the committee rooms on both sides of the table. He understands his committees as no one else does, and he never makes a mistake or quarrels with his chairman. He is very stout, and for some years has been understood to be in such poor health that he invariably asks and is as invariably allowed to address the committees sitting down. Yet he never omits to say, day after day, "I trust, Sir, (or my Lord), that having regard to my infirmity I may be permitted to keep my seat." Mr. Pope was at one time a great temperance lecturer, though he evidently agrees with the maxim, "Do as I say and not as I do," for he is not himself a total abstainer. He has a weakness for squandering the enormous fees he has made during the last twenty years in "wild-cat" speculations of every kind, from gold to electricity. It is a treat to

see Mr. Pope sitting in the corridor, like a "mother of the maids," surrounded by surveyors, engineers, agents, and solicitors, whom he orders about, and despatches to the four corners of the kingdom sometimes in search of evidence. He is often very irritable in consultation; as a solicitor once said, "I never knew a man make such a fuss about pocketing five guineas." In defending Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Pope will have an opportunity worthy of his powers.

Mr. Pember, Q.C., is a very different man from Mr. Pope. He is never brilliant nor impressive as a speaker, but he is immensely industrious, and is said to write all his speeches out in full. Mr. Pember made quite a large fortune, something like £60,000 from first to last, out of the Manchester Ship Canal alone. But it is also rumoured that Mr. Pember invested a good deal of his earnings in Australia, and suffered in the late bank crisis in that country. He is a kind-hearted man, but he has a rough and rather boisterous manner, and is often wanting in courtesy towards the committee, which is a foolish mistake for a Parliamentary counsel. Mr. Pember, however, owing to his laborious methods, never misses a point in his case; and he may safely be trusted to pump all the requisite information into his leader's mind.

The Transvaal Government cannot be congratulated on the choice of Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q.C., as their counsel. Mr. Cohen is really a scholar in certain branches of the law, such as marine insurance, and he has a gift of subtle, hair-splitting argument. He appears a good deal since he left Parliament before the House of Lords and the Privy Council, where counsel drone on for days in a sing-song monotone before a drowsy tribunal. But as an advocate he has been almost as great a failure as he was in the House of Commons, where he made a ludicrous fiasco. He has a mincing and affected delivery, and a thin voice which falls and rises from a moan to a sort of whine without any apparent reason. Mr. Cohen is utterly devoid of any sense of humour, he has no arts of rhetoric, and is altogether unfitted to make a great speech in a State trial. He is the choice, we presume, of Messrs. Lewis & Lewis.

We have been told over and over again that Chinese customs and ideas are diametrically opposite to ours, but we seem unable to apply the knowledge. People would have been less exercised, for instance, about Li Hung-chang's questions if they had reflected on the fact. The reasoning is simple. Such and such a question sounds rude to us; according to Chinese ideas it is, then, probably, polite. Li was, in fact, in most cases simply going through a formula of etiquette. To ask after "your honourable age," "your honourable birthplace," "your honourable occupation," "your honourable parents," &c., are the usual introductory phrases on meeting a stranger. And as age is really venerable in China, there is no desire to conceal it. It is the same with the coffin. Huc told us more than forty years ago—but every one has now, of course, forgotten the brilliant Abbé—that Chinese in easy circumstances scarcely ever fail to provide themselves beforehand with a coffin to their taste. When he was taken ill in travelling across China, the prefect of the place where that misfortune happened secured for him a magnificent coffin, as an incidental act of politeness, and told him so, with the evident expectation that he would regard the news as comforting.

A limited examination of the thirty columns or so of correspondence upon "My Engagement" with which the "Daily Telegraph" has thus far garnished the silly season reveals no marked deviation from the established intellectual standard of its readers. Their literary aim is still to write like Mr. Clement Scott; and really, considering the meagre curriculum of the Board Schools, it is remarkable how well they do it. The "Daily News" has a topic in "The American Woman: Her Conquests and the Cause," which naturally invites smart writing, and the controversy over it was luckily started on a level hard to beat. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who was recently included in a list of the six "really great American novelists" made for the "Daily News" by an American man, is ungrateful enough to declare that

American men are principally "composed of two elements alone—money-greed and sensuality." From her point of view English women are no better, if, indeed, they are not rather worse, and, accordingly, "the end will be that their men will let them severely alone and marry American women." This, as a Transatlantic paper would say, is important if true.

Mrs. Atherton, indeed, is so full of its importance that she sees in it "one of the great international questions, for it means the reconstruction of two races." She draws a wonderful picture of the American woman, who, it appears, adds to her other fascinating qualities the power to "premise all that seems to be moribund or stunted in the older race of women." It may be that we imperfectly grasp the significance of this quality; but other Englishmen are more fortunate, for "they recognize in American women something that they most want, something that the women of their own country cannot give them," and we assume that this must be the capacity for "premissing." In this reconstruction of the two races the American woman will find a worthy coadjutor in the English man. He is well known to Mrs. Atherton as the "most wholesome, healthy-minded man in the world." He lives "a clean outdoor life, loves sport better than women, and makes history along the natural lines of evolution." What his indoor-life is like is not stated; perhaps it doesn't matter. It is enough that he is a part of "the most dominant, perfectly balanced, rapidly developing and highly developed race of men the world has ever known," and that English women might "as well try to harness the sun" as to "believe that they can reconstruct" such a noble being. They only "bore and disgust him"; it is inevitable that he should fly to the ladies who can "premise."

Occasionally, it is true, an American man is still able to find a wife in his own country. A son of the Whitney Standard Oil fortune has just wedded a daughter of the Vanderbilt railway hoards, and the seven bridesmaids were all heiresses of millions. Accounts of the ceremony, and of "the enormous crowds congregated outside the house, amongst whom were scores of reporters," are cabled across as if it had been an affair of dynasties. The American papers breathlessly estimate that the young couple will be "worth" twelve millions sterling, while the combined fortunes of the bridesmaids reach ten millions. The names of these gold-plated maidens are given with careful circumstance, possibly in order that Mrs. Atherton's ideal Englishman may proceed "along the natural lines of evolution" without undue delay.

The announcement that Mr. John Lane will by-and-by issue a volume of Poems by Louisa Shore will, we fear, convey but little to the average man. Who, it will be said, is or was Louisa Shore? That question need not be asked by any one who has a full acquaintance with the minor literature of the last half-century. Miss Louisa Shore, who died last year, was one of two sisters (of whom the other, Miss Arabella Shore, is happily still with us) who published in 1855 a volume of "War Lyrics" (by "A. and L."), which was followed in 1859 by "Gemma of the Isles, and other Poems," in 1861 by "Hannibal: a Drama," in 1870 by "Fra Dolcino, and other Poems," and in 1890 by "Elegies and Memorials"—all from the same fluent and tender pens. The Poems by Miss Louisa Shore which Mr. Lane is about to issue include three pieces from the last-named volume, but the remainder are from manuscript, having been found among the deceased lady's papers. Miss Arabella Shore will contribute a memoir of her sister, and Mr. Frederic Harrison has written for the book a critical estimate of Miss Louisa Shore's achievements. Miss Arabella Shore was one of the first to write appreciatively of Mr. George Meredith, by whom and by Mr. Robert Browning she and her sister were admiringly regarded.

In its memoir of the late John Walter the "Times" had self-esteem enough to give itself out as the guardian of pure English: Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson were not the true continuators of Shakespeare's speech; it was the "Times" that . . . and so

forth. That is how they see themselves; this is how we see them. On Tuesday last there appeared in the "Times" a criticism of some "Recent Novels," from which we take the following sentences: "Mrs. Walford . . . is emphatically a feminine and ladylike writer"—"a ladylike writer!" When dealing with one of Mrs. Oliphant's heroines the "Times" writer waxes eloquent: "We may be sure that another kind of love is to save her from growing into a soured and cynical spinster, but she is doomed to a long probation in the desert before there is a gush of her pent-up affections with the stroke of a lover upon the flinty rock." And then the critic takes up "another of these domestic novels," whatever they may be, and writes: "With severe tightening it would have been a capital story." It would need a good deal of "tightening" to make sense of this drivel.

AD MEMORIAM.

THE death of Mr. Richard Frewen of Innishannon, briefly noticed in the Press of this week, brings to its close a life of more than ordinary interest. In 1873 Mr. Frewen, at that time hardly more than a boy, and unattended by any European, passed through Ladak from the Kashmir side and penetrated Chinese Tartary. Three years later he was at Buluwayo for several weeks, where he had a somewhat risky altercation with Lobengula, whom he accused, with good reason, of encouraging his carriers to desert him. Having visited, during the same year, the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, on his return the youthful explorer read a paper before the Geographical Society.

Men's memories as to the history of the Transvaal are short, and the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Frewen to a friend last February will be read with interest at the present time. "It is curious," he writes, "by the light of recent events, the view 'made in Germany' that England is anxious to oppress the Dutch element in South Africa. It seems but the other day that I was at Pretoria, when Sir Theophilus Shepstone, attended by only thirty mounted police, hoisted the Union Jack over the Court House, the entire town being thronged by armed Boers, all in the greatest good humour with us. The Transvaal State was at that time practically bankrupt; its paper-money at a ruinous discount; its credit with the Cape banks exhausted. Eighteen months later, on my return from the Zambesi, I again passed through; the State credit had in that short interval been restored; its revenue was adequate, and the money value of the Boer farms had at least doubled during my absence in the north. Cetewayo, the Zulu king, said to me, 'I would that you English would stay south for six months, just while I clear my country of these Dutchmen.' This episode of a British occupation urgently invited by the Boers, and of its golden results, seems to have made no impression upon the reptile Press in Germany; but rely on it, Uncle Paul recalls the cash value of our intervention and occupation at a time when he was in great straits, and in his heart of hearts he is not ungrateful."

An incorrigible rolling stone, Mr. Frewen was next a pioneer in the disastrous ranching exodus of Young England to West America. Settling for a brief period in the Big Horn Mountains, shortly after the massacre of General Custer by the Sioux on the Little Horn River, he entertained in 1880 the late Sir Samuel Baker, who devotes a chapter of his book on "Big Game" to the sport he secured under his host's auspices. A later expedition still was to the upper waters of the Yukon River, in Alaska—a country which Mr. Frewen always declared would some day start a gold-mining "boom" to eclipse even that in South Africa.

The tragedy, which leaves the volume of a strange history with the pages but half cut, will recall over half the earth's surface memories of a good sportsman and traveller. The end came without a moment's warning. Mr. Frewen was a working yachtsman of many years' experience, and when helping to stow a boat which had swung loose, in half a gale and toward midnight, off the Welsh coast, he missed his footing, and was instantly swept overboard, with a whole ship's crew almost within arm's length of their hapless employer.

THE GERMAN MENACE.

THE official organ of English Liberalism having demonstrated to its own complete satisfaction that the increased importation of German goods into England and the Colonies is an incalculable blessing, it is refreshing to turn to the columns of the junior organ, there to find German competition dealt with after a fashion less suggestive of acute imbecility. We rejoice that the "Daily Chronicle" is helping to quicken the minds of Englishmen concerning the great peril. Of course it would be idle to expect perfect sanity of treatment in our "Chronicle." In Whitefriars Street the curious superstition that free imports spell righteousness and the Empire spells fudge still obtains. Yet within its limitations, the "Daily Chronicle's" excursion into the regions already traversed in "Made in Germany" cannot fail to prove of value in awakening one section of the people to a sense of the danger which threatens their country's industry.

The game goes merrily on. We have been told the alarming and significant fact that the port of Hamburg in 1894 crowned her progress by outdistancing Liverpool, the premier port of England and the world. Now the 1895 returns are to hand, and show that Hamburg has well beaten her own traffic record of the previous year. This indication of Germany's progress is confirmed by many other facts. The dividends paid by German manufacturing companies are a valuable test. Here is a list from one town: in 1894 the St. Pauli Breweries Company, Limited, paid a two per cent. dividend; last year it paid four; in 1894 the Union Tugboat Company paid two per cent.; in 1895 six; the North German Worsted Spinning Mill went from five per cent. to twelve; the Bremen Wool Cleaning Company from five per cent. to eleven; the Bremen Jute Spinning Mill from eight per cent. to fourteen; while the Bremen Wool Combing Company quadrupled its dividend, and advanced from five per cent. to twenty.

Another significant fact comes from South America, a continent which the Germans are nursing with especial tenderness: two German banks have lately been established in Valparaiso, which, in the official language of the Foreign Office Report, "must lend effectual support to the active commercial relations between Chili and Germany." Shipbuilding is an industry in which Britons see a predestined supremacy for themselves; it is interesting, therefore, to note from the latest official information, that German yards have been inundated with orders to such an extent that several commissions for new vessels have in consequence been placed here. This is a misfortune, the recurrence of which German shipbuilders may be trusted to avert in the future; for the German Hodge is tramping steadily from his rural seclusion to the big towns, and the German Frau continues mightily prolific. Concerning the great iron and steel industries, our ironmasters and manufacturers will be interested to note that there is at the present time a brisk demand for German iron and steel from England and the United States, and that it is announced, in respect of all sorts of iron manufactures and hardware, that German industry can now almost dispense with supplies from abroad. Meanwhile, the diplomatic efforts of the German Government in promoting commercial treaties with other countries are now bearing their fruit in due season, and it is a remarkably early and promising season, as witness the progress of German exports into Russia since the conclusion of the great treaty with that country. The imports into Russia of German iron in the first six months of 1893 (before the conclusion of the treaty) weighed 425,000 tons; in the first six months of 1896 they weighed 1,150,000 tons—that is, a rise of more than 160 per cent. Other industries have shared in the boom. Between 1894 and 1895 the total value of German exports rose from 143,000,000 roubles to 175,000,000 roubles, and 1894 had a big increase over 1893, even as 1896 will show a big advance on 1895. England in the meantime is being steadily ousted from the Russian market. Even where the commercial treaty extracted by Germany has not been of a favourable kind, marked progress in her exports is still observable. Switzerland is a case in point. So far from Germany securing Customs reductions for her

goods entering the Republic, the treaty brought a series of increases; yet the Germans were not to be beaten. Taking swift advantage of a Customs war between France and Switzerland, Germany swooped down on the latter country, and robbed the Frenchmen of what might justly be deemed their inheritance. The German export to Switzerland rose between 1890 and 1894 from 11,800,000 to 14,300,000 met. centners. After this it will not be surprising to learn that in the last three years German exports to England's Cape Colony have more than trebled in value, notwithstanding that the trade has been done through ports at which but few German vessels call; and that this is a factor of great moment is obvious from a study of the kind of business which Germany does at ports whither her own vessels trade.

So we might go on, and fill columns with citations in proof of the apparently resistless march of our great rival. But the fact is so plain that it can scarcely need further corroborative detail. We have brought into prominence a few leading instances of what is happening now, partly because a notion is abroad that the succumbing of England to Germany was in some way connected with the recent trade depression, and that with the revival of 1895 and 1896 the German menace has disappeared. This notion is encouraged month by month in certain journals, which indulge in periodical chortles over the returns supplied them by the Custom House. And it is as well to correct this mirthful disposition by reminding Englishmen that the present period of trade revival, so far from being a special mercy vouchsafed to them by Providence, is but a temporary expansion, from which the unjust German is getting even more advantage than the just Englishman, and that, moreover, he is taking better care to improve the shining hour, and consolidate his power by a yet tighter grip on the markets of the world. So much for the facts. A word now respecting causes and remedies. The "Daily Chronicle" entitles its articles "Truth about German Competition." But are we likely to get the truth, which means the whole truth? We fear not. We are not disputing the statistics quoted by the writer of the articles; they are becoming pretty familiar to us by this time. It is the editorial moral that we look for, and we find a flat denial that Protection and free imports have any bearing on the situation. It is an unsupported statement; the writer of the special articles produces no data in confirmation of his editor's strange thesis. It is so evident, on the contrary, that the "Chronicle" fears the inevitable deduction from the facts of the case, that in the space of a few lines it plunges into one of those inconsistencies which are to many readers its most distinguishing charm. Having demanded serious attention to the gradual weakening of England's position, and the steady forging ahead of its keen competitor, the "Chronicle" gets terrified at its own temerity. Somehow this attitude does not fit in with the faith as enunciated at Free-trade banquets; and so we are straightway bidden not to be scared at the growth of German commerce; as who should say "Beware of the dog; but he has no teeth."

What the "Chronicle" means to say is that, in so far as German competition is caused, and may be met, by individual enterprise, German competition is a bad thing; in so far as it is the growth of our respective fiscal systems, it is harmless. We do not think this dialectic method will carry us far towards a solution of the difficulty. Why will not people admit the whole truth? Mr. Stead, for instance, lays nearly all the blame on the better technical education of the German people. And what, pray, is a State-provided system of industrial training but a form of Protection to native industries as real as an Import Tariff? Again, the cheapness of German goods is acknowledged by every one to be a most potent element in their success; but that cheapness is in some cases the direct result of export bounties—in all cases the result to a large extent of cheap State-subsidized transport, and in most cases the result in no slight degree of the tariff system which enables German manufacturers to make such a profit in their home market that they can undersell their unprotected English competitors in outside markets by bringing their export prices near to, and sometimes even

below, the cost of production. Also those successful commercial treaties to which we have referred above could only have been secured by a State which had something to give in the way of tariff reductions for what it received. Yet the "Daily Chronicle," with curious want of logic, brands State Protection as foolish beyond discussion. For it is, indeed, curious that a journal which glorifies the New Unionism, and extols with hysterical enthusiasm the principle of a living wage, and pleads all through its columns for the municipalization or nationalization of every public service in aid of industry, should at the same time denounce the imposition of anything in the nature of an import duty. All these pet roads to the "Chronicle's" social millennium are as rankly Protectionist as anything advocated by Fair-traders, and we feel little doubt that our working classes will soon appreciate the fact. And when that is thoroughly apprehended the commercial union of the Empire, which to-day is but a dream—to our poor "Chronicle" a hideous nightmare—will become a living reality, and the German menace will then loom less balefully on our industrial horizon.

Yet there will still remain much else to be reformed. Fair-trade is not a cure-all, any more than is technical education, or the metric system of weights and measures. Hand in hand with State aid must come better business methods on the part of our manufacturers and merchants. Intimations that there is still very much lacking in this regard continue to pour in upon us. There are the firms who send to Russian shopkeepers catalogues printed in English; there is the enterprising hatter who asks advice on the best method of selling silk hats in Montenegro; there is the manufacturing house which sends a sample of coral and an English printed trade circular to a black chief in Gambia, making that dusky potentate to overflow with gratitude to the Great White Queen who sends such pretty presents, accompanied by such ornate letters of greeting; there is the Manchester firm which persists in sending cotton cloths of odd sizes to Zanzibar, though reminded that the natives use these cloths as currency and so need uniform lengths for measurement; and there are the English firms who no longer buy copra from East Africa because French and German houses offer the natives better prices. The British exporter must in truth mend his ways, or his trade will continue to wane even though the Government does all that is in the power of a Government to help it.

PEACE IN RHODESIA.

BOTH the friends and the enemies of Mr. Rhodes are talking some nonsense about the surrender of the chief Sekombo and the peace which has been arranged. Permanent peace there cannot be in countries like Mashona and Matabeleland until the blacks are either exterminated or driven back upon the centre of Africa. The natives need not be slain in war; they may wither away before the approach of civilization, as they have done in Australia and America. But so long as the whites are a handful surrounded by an overwhelming number of blacks, there will be from time to time native wars and risings in the land called Rhodesia. There is no reason why the history of the struggle between whites and blacks should be different in this part of South Africa from what it has been in South America, in New Zealand, in Australia, in the United States, and in Canada. But for the moment Mr. Rhodes has triumphed completely; and without stopping to inquire into the terms of surrender, or to what extent the example of the Matoppo rebels will be followed by other chiefs, it may be said that the Matabele war is over. And the success of Mr. Rhodes has come just in the nick of time, for himself, the Chartered Company, the settlers, and the troops. The difficulties of transport and commissariat were very great, and, according to Sir Frederick Carrington and General Goodenough, they were likely rather to increase than diminish during the rainy season that has already begun. The 9th Lancers have already left Aldershot for South Africa; but even with these reinforcements the truth is that there were not enough armed whites to deal decisively with a native war. Everybody was aware of this, and the excuse of the

Colonial Secretary was that it was impossible to provision a larger number of troops. Mr. Rhodes has, therefore, saved Great Britain from a position of some discredit, even of some peril.

Mr. Rhodes has also saved himself from a position which at one time looked exceedingly awkward. He will now appear before the House of Commons Committee as the saviour of Rhodesia and the pacificator of Matabeleland. "If you will only stay with us and care for us, we will not fight," said the Indunas. To talk of prosecuting and imprisoning such a man is malice run mad, and the shafts of Mr. Labouchere's sarcasm will now glance hurtless from such a figure. All the gibes about Mr. Rhodes prancing about the Veldt "on a large and well-fed horse," and going into battle with a cane, will fall woefully flat after the dramatic indaba in the Matoppos hills. The *tu quoque* is always an irresistible argument in human affairs, and one cannot help asking whether Mr. Labouchere, accompanied, say, by his assistant- and sub-editors, or even flanked by his Parliamentary henchmen, Mr. Jacoby and Mr. Philip Stanhope, would have risked his precious person in the Matabele stronghold.

It is the dramatic instinct which makes men popular idols. All the world's a stage, and Mr. Rhodes was quite alive to the theatrical effect of sauntering into the Matabele headquarters in a tweed suit to have it out with the Indunas. Not that this detracts in any way from the personal courage of the stroke; it adds to it; but it illustrates the great power of simplicity in dealing with complicated situations. The Matabele must have grievances, said Mr. Rhodes; the simplest plan will be to go and talk things over with the chiefs. And of course the Matabele had grievances. They complained of the native police—whether sincerely does not matter, as this force, admittedly a failure, has been abolished. They complained of the conduct of two prominent officials of the Chartered Company, a native commissioner and another. Who they are doesn't matter either, as they have been removed. But we trust the lesson will not be lost on Mr. Rhodes and Lord Grey that, if there is to be anything like continuous peace in Rhodesia, the natives must be treated like human beings.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

We know from the unpleasant revelations that are made periodically that Englishmen, in dealing with inferior races under hot suns, are frequently brutal. The Chartered Company, if it is to keep its charter, must look to it that the old Dutch doctrine about whacking one's "boy" is tempered by modern notions of humanity. Perhaps, too, a little more care might be exercised in the selection of their officials by the Company. It would not be a bad thing if all appointments had to be made by the Secretary of State, or, at any rate, subject to his approval.

There are only two other points to be noticed. The turn which Mr. Rhodes's victory has given to South African politics places the Select Committee of Inquiry, which is really a special tribunal for the prosecution of Mr. Rhodes, in a more false and ridiculous light than ever. For the sake of the dignity of the House of Commons, would it not be as well *not* to reappoint the Select Committee next Session, and so to quietly let the thing drop? The other point is that Mr. Rhodes's success is President Kruger's mortification. This is the only aspect of the business that gives us some uneasiness. The revival of Mr. Rhodes's popularity and his approaching return to power at Cape Town cannot fail to excite the alarm and irritation of the old Dutch party at Pretoria. We regret this sincerely; and we can only hope that the clear-headed President Kruger and the younger generation of Boer politicians will recognize the wisdom of letting bygones be bygones, and will accept the fact that they will have to live in South Africa with Mr. Rhodes.

POLITICS AND PROGRESS IN IRELAND.

WHEN the time comes for the summing-up of the influences at work in Ireland in the last two decades of the nineteenth century, nothing, we fancy, will puzzle inquirers more than the utter severance that

existed during the whole of that period between the dominant political movement and the development of the material resources of the country. Mr. Parnell, it is true, had, in his later days, schemes of a somewhat wild and unpractical sort for working gold mines and quarries in the Wicklow Mountains; but by that time the sceptre had already departed from him, and his followers were tearing each other to pieces about the division of the inheritance. The whole energy of the Land League movement was directed into one channel, a ferocious attack on the landlords—"to drive them out of the country like rats out of a stack" was the phrase of one of the most prominent leaders—and when this outbreak had spent its force, as every purely Jacobin movement is bound to do in a few years, there was no shadow of a constructive programme to fall back upon, so the leaders had perforce to resort to mutual recrimination and wrangling about the causes of their failure. This is what accounts for the fact that while the country now apparently stands on the threshold of an epoch of greater prosperity than at any previous period of its modern history, not one of the many "popular" leaders can claim to have had the smallest share in bringing that revival of prosperity about. And so a great Convention of the Irish Race at Home and Abroad is to meet next week in Dublin to pass resolutions by the yard, declaring that the country is breaking its heart for love of Mr. John Dillon; and all the while the country is attending to its business and piling up its bankers' balance, not caring a row of pins for Mr. John Dillon or for any other of the heaven-born leaders who waste their breath in calling him—and each other—rogues and traitors.

The Convention will be a fiasco because it stands for envy, malice, hatred, and discord, and a nation was never built of such rotten materials. Not a man on the platform at the Rotunda will have a word to say in favour of any of the movements at work for raising Ireland to her proper place among the industrial nations of Europe. They will make the rafters ring with denunciations of England for ruining the Irish woollen trade in the last century, but not a hand will be lifted to lend practical help in reviving that trade to-day. Cromwell and Castlereagh will be execrated, but the orators will not reach their white heat till they have explained that, bad as these ruffians were, there is yet a blacker villain, "the man who professes to be a member of their own ranks, but who," &c. &c., and then, in the process of "giving it to Healy hot," they will forget the woes of the past and the hopes of the future in the fearful joy of "knifing" a colleague. When will Irish politicians learn that this process of "leader killing" is not business, and that, although the average Englishman of to-day is not, perhaps, much enamoured of the Orangeman or the landlord, or the Castle official, he will certainly not consent to the handing over of the Government of Ireland to men who do not display a grain of capacity to govern themselves or their own factious temper? If they will not believe the testimony of Englishmen on this point, perhaps they will give weight to the words of one to whom they appealed in their extremity. In justifying himself for his refusal to lend aid to Ireland against England, Napoleon wrote that he could put no confidence in the leaders who came to his camp to plead their country's cause. "Ils étaient divisés d'opinion, et se querellaient continuellement entre eux."

It will be denied, of course, that there are any real signs of prosperity in Ireland; but, unless figures have ceased to have any meaning, the progress is unmistakable and persistent. "The country is bleeding to death," cry the alarmists, and they point to the emigration returns in proof. It is not to be disputed that the wave of low prices and agricultural depression that is thinning out the rural population in England and in Scotland, in France and in Germany, has left its mark on Ireland; but the very fact that the purely agricultural population is retrograde throws into stronger relief the fact that in all the signs of wealth the country as a whole is steadily advancing. The banking and railway statistics issued this week speak for themselves. Deposits and cash balances in Joint Stock Banks have increased from £29,000,000 to £38,000,000 in the last ten years. Lest it should be said that this represents only the

accumulations of the wealthy (although any one familiar with Irish banking business knows that that is not so), we turn to the returns of Savings Banks, and there we find that the deposits have increased in the same period from £4,400,000 to £8,000,000, while every half-year shows a steady rise in railway traffic returns. But these figures only tell half the story; for perhaps more significant is the steady rise that is going on in the market price of Irish securities which only a few years ago were a drug in the market, prudent speculators refusing to touch them. Railway and Bank shares have risen much more rapidly in proportion than the corresponding English securities, and most of them now stand at the highest points ever touched. If, therefore, the population is decreasing, it follows that, while those who leave presumably "better themselves" in America, those who are left behind are steadily improving their position. The Irish farmer grows little or no wheat, and, therefore, he has never been so badly hit by the depression as the English; while those who devote their energies to butter, eggs, fowls, beef, and pigs have no great cause to complain. The employment of the co-operative method of reaching the English market with these products is being rapidly learnt, thanks to Mr. Horace Plunkett and his Societies; and when this lesson is thoroughly mastered agricultural depression will possess fewer terrors for the Irish peasant. The new Agricultural Department will, we hope, be constituted next year; and then Ireland will not continue to be at a disadvantage with Brittany, Holland, and Denmark as at present. It is because the Irishman has seen the hopefulness of these things on the one hand, and the hopelessness of the politicians on the other, that he is daily devoting more attention to Progress and less to Politics, with most marked and gratifying results.

LORD FARRER AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

IN a recent Cobden Club leaflet Lord Farrer scorns the idea of Imperial Federation on a preferential basis, and with his usual courage, but not with his usual ability, demonstrates—no doubt to his own satisfaction and that of his supporters—that, instead of its being of any advantage, it would be ruinous to the trade of the country. He says "that the Cobden Club are often told that they answer practical proposals by fanatical adherence to *à priori* dogmas, and as Mr. Chamberlain and his supporters (I am proud to be one) evince complete ignorance of the subject, &c."—he then proceeds to show how completely they are in the dark. Here we see that Lord Farrer has lost none of his old self-assertion—that he is just as cocksure as ever that no one knows anything but himself and his faithful followers. It is rather amusing to see how he tries to pooh-pooh the Colonial Secretary, who most people think is at the very least as clever as himself. He tells us "Mr. Chamberlain's proposal is to close markets and not to open them." He then goes on to say "that these duties are to be of such an amount and character as to secure to the Colonies the exclusive possession of the markets of the United Kingdom." No one has ever proposed anything of the kind; neither has any one at any time proposed that the Colonies should shut their markets against foreign goods. But why does Lord Farrer put forward such ridiculous statements? Simply to mislead the public, which, I regret to say, has been his mission for more than a generation. And then he tells us that Mr. Chamberlain's proposal will limit the markets for our manufactures; but we shall presently see whether that is so. He says: "For if we do not buy from foreign countries, we shall not sell to them." If that be true, we may retort, and equally well say, "that if we do not buy from the Colonies, neither shall we sell to them." Now we see clearly the issue—Is it wiser, safer, and better in peace and in war, in the present and in the future, to trade with our loyal Colonies, and with our kith and our own kin, or with foreigners who are at all times doing their utmost to deprive us of our trade, and who are certain to do so unless we take practical steps to prevent them?

What I now propose to do is to show as briefly as possible the enormous, the incalculable gain and ad-

vantage to the United Kingdom of preferential trading with the Colonies, in spite of Lord Farrer's dictum that it means nothing but mischief and ruin to the country. But in order to do so, as I have repeatedly said on various recent occasions, we must change our present absurd and ruinous fiscal policy, and adopt a moderate tariff for revenue that, whilst filling the exchequer, will afford some assistance and protection to our various industries.

Let us examine and see what would be the effect on the home trade of the United Kingdom. At present we import about 80 millions of foreign manufactured or partly manufactured goods; of textiles alone upwards of 30 millions, and in constantly increasing quantities. With a reasonable tariff for *revenue alone* we might safely calculate upon shutting out and manufacturing with great advantage at home some 30 millions, leaving the foreigner 50 millions—rather a good share—upon which he would have to pay revenue duties of from 10 up to 25 per cent.—say on the average 15 per cent. This should give us some 7 millions of revenue. But this is not all, since from 1884 to 1894 the importation of foreign goods has increased from 81 millions to 104 millions, or upwards of two millions per annum. Thus during the next ten years—that is, if we continue our present fiscal policy—we may calculate upon an increase of more than 20 millions; but if we should change, and impose a revenue duty, we should shut out half, or 10 millions, which would be made at home, and the other ten would still come in and pay a revenue duty of 15 per cent. on the average and enrich the exchequer by a million and a half. We can now see very clearly that moderate Protection—that is, a *tariff for revenue*—would give us 40 millions more home trade, and put 8 millions into the public purse! Not so very ruinous as Lord Farrer would make us believe! How, I ask, can we hope to gain such magnificent results as 40 millions more home trade and 8 millions of revenue in any other way? If we persevere in our present policy of Free Imports for another ten years, we shall then import at least 100 millions of foreign manufactures, to the ruin of our own home industries. These will be the certain results of the two policies. Which shall it be?

Let us now look abroad and consider what will be the probable effect on the Empire of Imperial Federation on a preferential basis. Our exports to the Colonies for 1893 were 56 millions, and to India-Burmah 27, or together upwards of 83 millions. Foreign countries sent 39 millions to the Colonies, and 7 millions to India and Burmah, altogether 46 millions. Putting British and foreign exports together, there has been an increase of about a million and a half per annum; so that we may fairly calculate that during the next ten years the increase will reach at least 2 millions per annum, or 20 millions in all. Of this under preferential treatment the United Kingdom should secure the lion's share, or 15 millions, leaving the foreigner 5 millions. And in addition to that we might hope to take from the foreigner from 15 to 20 millions of the 46 millions that he now has, leaving him still a good share, say, 27 millions of the present trade, and 5 of the increase of the next ten years, altogether 32 millions. Not so bad for the foreigner. Thus we see that with preferential treatment we may fairly hope to secure (for it is anything but secure now, it is very insecure) our present trade of 83 millions, and 15 of the increased trade of the next ten years, and also deprive the foreigner of 20 out of the 46 millions that he now enjoys. All these added together would give us under preferential treatment no less than 118 millions as our share of the colonial trade ten years hence!

But if we continue our present fiscal policy the results will be very different indeed. Forming our judgment from the past and the present, we may consider ourselves very fortunate if the foreigner does not take from us at least 10 millions out of the 83 that we now enjoy, and he will most certainly capture the lion's share of 15 millions out of the 20 millions of increasing trade, leaving us only 5.

If, therefore, my estimates are correct, and I do not think they will be found to be far wrong, we should only have from 70 to 80 millions, or something less than we now have, if we continue to be Free-traders; whereas under preferential trading we might reasonably expect

to have something like 118 millions, or 40 millions more, and that, too, of profitable and perfectly safe trade, that no foreign Power could take from us, which is of vast importance.

But there is another very important matter to be considered, which as yet I have not taken into my calculations. To what extent might we expect our Colonial trade to be stimulated over and above its normal state, which, so far, is what I have calculated upon? This, of course, will depend altogether upon what advantage is accorded to Colonial productions over the foreigner. For the present I shall be content to estimate the increase at 10 millions; it should be twice that, or the Colonies will be a long time in supplying us with what we require, and in supplanting foreign countries. However, we should then have a gain (by substituting revenue duties in place of free imports) of 40 millions of home trade, and 8 millions of revenue (not so bad!), and we may add to that a gain of 50 or 60 millions of Colonial trade, or altogether something like 100 millions! But we cannot expect to create and obtain all this vast trade except by very considerable sacrifices in many ways, which I propose to consider on a future occasion.

MASHAM.

TRAVEL IN THE CAUCASUS.

IT was not without hesitation and some reluctance that I lately took in hand the task of gathering together much scattered material in order to lay a foundation for Caucasian travel, and to some extent I hope for an English literature of the Caucasus. Critics nowadays are kind, perhaps over-kind; but the author best knows his own feelings, and, if he loves his subject, hates to feel that he is doing it very imperfect justice. Two circumstances determined me to risk the attempt: the promise of Signor Vittorio Sella's invaluable aid as illustrator, and the suggestion that "a book of the season" might be published about the Caucasus, which would deal mainly with the feats of the writer and give no general picture of the range or its inhabitants. There were questions connected with the country and its exploration which it seemed to me no newcomer, however quick-witted and ready of pen, could be quite the right person to deal with. For instance, how may mountaineering in the Caucasus best be connected with travel and with general research? How may the fittest travellers get the most advantage out of the new playground? I have done what I can in six hundred pages to suggest answers to such queries. But in dealing with a many-sided subject it is difficult, without wearisome iteration or some want of proportion, to fix attention on the most urgent practical problems. It may possibly help to the solution of one or two of these problems if I set down separately a few first hints for Caucasian travel.

In my opinion the Caucasus ought before long to succeed, or rival, Syria as a resort for those who enjoy the romance of tent life. Batum or Novorossisk is, in time, nearer England than Beirut or Jaffa, and Vladikavkaz can be reached overland. It is easy to go out by Moscow or the Crimea and return by Constantinople, and either journey may take less than a week. The Caucasian summer climate is, it is true, variable, particularly at the Black Sea end, but it is not more so than that of Palestine in spring. Hitherto, visitors to the Caucasus have belonged to one of two classes: they have been either mountaineers ready to face any exposure or hardship—and the hardships of the Caucasus are, as one of its explorers soon found, very different from those of a trip to Kilimanjaro—or ordinary tourists whom lack of conveyances and accommodation has confined to the post-roads. The latter, though they venture sometimes to speak with authority, see as little of the characteristic scenery of the range as the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims who crossed the Great St. Bernard on their way to Rome in the tenth century, and groaned over their sufferings from "the bitter blasts of glaciers and the Pennine army of evil spirits" saw of the scenery of the Alps. No doubt it is a novel and striking experience to watch from the windows of a saloon carriage the great wall of Asia rise slowly above the level lines of the interminable Steppe, to recognize the twin cupolas of Elbruz and the icy spire of Koshtantau, to

be carried at a canter through the Darial Pass by virtue of a "Crown Podorojno," to catch a glimpse of the stately form of Kasbek and the horseshoe precipice to which local legend attaches Prometheus.

But the three days' trip is soon over, and of the great glaciers and gorges, the forests and flowers of the central chain, of the sunny lawns and towered hamlets of Suanetia, the pursuer of the post-road has not had even the most passing vision. These are reserved for travellers who are ready to ride, and possess or can hire tents. For if, as in Syria, shelter can often be procured in villages or in Government sheds (Cancellarias), it is under conditions which the majority of travellers would not care to accept. The first requisite, therefore, for the development of pleasure travel in the Caucasus is the establishment in the towns of dragomans with suitable tents and camp equipment. At present, even if expense be no object, the trouble of organizing a camp equipment, sending it forward by sea, passing it under enormous duties through the Russian Custom House, and then handing it over to the chance interpreter and scratch staff of followers who can be picked up on arrival at Kutais or Vladikavkaz, is too great for most of those who treat travel as a relaxation. But let any capitalist or tourist agency set up in the Caucasus competent dragomans and their plant, and the problem will be solved. The men must, of course, speak Georgian and Turkish as well as Russian. The Syrian system will very easily adapt itself to local requirements. In a country where every man and woman rides, horses are easily procurable. The Caucasian animals, which spend their youth in careering in squadrons over the high mountain pastures, are extraordinarily sure-footed, and will even tuck in their hind legs and glissade down a snowslope in a fashion entertaining to witness, to any one but the rider. Provisions need cause little anxiety. Mutton is always at hand on the hills. Poultry and eggs can be had in the villages. Flour and Russian loaves should be carried, in order to avoid the need of subsisting on the peculiarly indigestible native bread. The configuration of the region lends itself to a riding tour. There are, besides the Mamison, which is at times passable for carriages, two or three snow passes which Caucasian baggage animals make light of over the central chain. There is no reason why a party with roomy tents should not travel in comparative luxury through every valley between Kasbek and Elbruz. And what memories such a journey would furnish to wanderers reasonably fortunate in their weather! In place of the crowded tourists' hotel and the noisy common table, the liberty to halt at will wherever Nature provides a tempting site, the meal served on a carpet of flowers in the chequered shade of the forest, and lit before its close by the stars and fireflies; the wakening to the crash of some falling ice-tower loosened by the bitter cold before dawn, when the frost swells to bursting the moisture in the glacier's veins; the glamour of the snows faintly reflecting the first pale light in the sky. The Caucasus is suited for general travellers, for lovers of the picturesque, whether or not they are painters, as much as for peakhunters. If above the snow level its granite crests, its icy hollows, its hanging glaciers and fluted snow-slopes impress the intruder with a sublimity beyond that of the Alps, its high valleys have attractions for men of the most various pursuits or hobbies. The geologist may collect specimens and correct his predecessors' theories, which, to tell the truth, are the outcome of as yet inadequate observation. The physical geographer will find under his eyes curious materials for a contrast between the features of the Caucasus and those of better-known ranges. For example: why do so many Caucasian glaciers fail to fill their valleys and leave a pleasant dell between the moraines and the mountain sides? May not this be a sign that their recent oscillations have been less than those of Alpine glaciers, and that it is long since they attained an extension much greater than their present? Such an hypothesis might find support in the absence of tarns, which are frequently the marks of a zone from which the ice has comparatively recently withdrawn its protection. I give these only as instances of permissible and possible speculations. One of the widest fields of research is

that opened by the "Mountain of Languages" to the ethnical student or the investigator of ancient laws and institutions. In this branch of science Professor Kovalevsky, Dr. Radde, and the philologists of Moscow have done something; but much more remains for their successors. An archæologist would undoubtedly find the old churches of Suanetia and their contents worth very careful study, and there is no saying what manuscripts may not turn up in the miscellaneous collections that are still jealously guarded from the eyes of the casual passer-by. The botanist may be referred to M. Levier's very entertaining book for an idea of the lavish wealth that awaits him; the entomologist may impale many rarities, as well as suffer himself from the less rare varieties.

One further caution I must add. I am not competent and do not attempt to act as a guide to the Caucasus as a whole. My "Central Caucasus" bears to the whole region something of the same proportion that the Central Alps, between the Little St. Bernard and the Bernina Pass, do to the Alpine chain. It is the most important section, but it is only a section.

On one side, to the east, lie the wild highlands of Daghestan, the scene of Schamyl's resistance, with their high plateaux, cleft by narrow ravines, their hill fortresses, and at least three high glacier groups. Of these, a German climber, Herr Merzbacher, has promised the world an account. On the west stretch the great forests and granite crests which hem in the tributaries of the Kuban, a region probably of extraordinary beauty. The glaciers of one of its groups have just been mapped for the first time by the Russian surveyors. They are, otherwise, wholly unexplored. The only travellers to penetrate these fortresses have been Dr. Radde, who has, in "Petermann's Mittheilungen," published an account of his journeys, a stray botanist or two, and those indefatigable pursuers of rare animals, Mr. and Mrs. Littledale, who have hunted the aurochs in the wilds of the Zelentshuk.

I was on the point of concluding this Apologia when my eyes fell on a passage to the point in the columns of the "Revue Suisse." The writer, jealous for his native land and his countrymen's chief industry, "ventures to prophesy that not in this or the next, nay not even in the third or fourth, generation will there be a *Schweizerhof* on the slopes of the Caucasus." I incline to agree with him. But, incredible though it may seem to the average Helvetian mind, there are some wanderers who do not consider the capacity to support "first-class hotels" to be the *raison d'être* of mountains. Some of us can dispense very readily for a time with the extravagant delights of the cosmopolitan caravanserais that line the shores of Luzern and the grim barracks that dwarf and overshadow the villages of Canton Bern. But let the brave Swiss innkeeper take heart. Mountaineers may fly to the Caucasus for a season, but they will come back to their early haunts. And even if we fail him, has he not all the *petites bourses*, the ten-pound trippers of Europe—to say nothing of the clergy of doubtful orders—to fall back upon?

DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD.

THE REVOLT IN CUBA.

WHEN an insurrection which ceases to present novel and original features or great and stirring situations is unduly prolonged, it no longer excites the interest of peoples whose welfare it does not intimately affect. The rebellion in Cuba being remarkable chiefly for its monotonous duration, is for these reasons almost ignored by the Press and entirely unnoticed by the public. Other questions more important, more dramatic, more remarkable, fill the pages of the newspapers and the minds of their readers. The Cretan insurgents have ousted those of Cuba; the filibusters of Greece are found to be more attractive than those of the United States; and Secombo and Babyan are more interesting revolutionists than Gomez and Maceo. Yet events in Cuba have pursued the dreary, tedious, and unprofitable tenour of their way. The same tales of barren victories and of equally desultory defeats, the same successful filibustering expeditions and the same ruthless destruction of property and loss of human life, have been remorselessly repeated until the world at

large is heartily sick of the whole subject, and war correspondents are tired of copying out their telegrams of a year ago.

Through this eventful year, and through the greater part of 1895, the standard of revolt has been kept flying, in spite of the sacrifices of the Spanish people and the efforts of an army of 170,000 men. For eighteen months lawlessness and disorder have prevailed, and neither life nor property has been safe in Cuba. How much longer is this state of things to continue, and what will be the ultimate issue? These are the questions we have repeatedly asked since the beginning. Are we any nearer to their solution to-day?

In Spain the determination of the people to carry the war to a successful issue is as strong as ever. Neither the will nor the means are lacking. Recruiting is brisk; the volunteers for service in Cuba more than meet the heavy demands of the Government; while the hitherto untouched Tobacco Monopoly affords ample security for further loans. The heavy burden of taxation is patiently borne by the mass of the nation, and the riots which have recently taken place have been purely local, carefully engineered and much exaggerated. The Spanish statesman who dared to suggest surrender or even compromise would be chased from power and office; and it is not extravagant to state that the declared intention of the Queen Regent to recover the island of Cuba, cost what it may, is the firmest foundation of the monarchy. The spirit of the people, untamed by failure and disappointment, may by hostile critics be stigmatized as obstinacy, but more generous and impartial observers will not withhold from it the honourable name of patriotism.

The Cuban insurgents are encouraged to continue the struggle by the open sympathy and substantial support, in arms, money, and men, of the American people; by the fact that they are now in a much better position than they were a year ago; and by the hope that Spain will eventually become financially unable to sustain the burden of the war. They are unaffected by climate. Yellow fever never touches the Cuban born. The plantain is sufficient to satisfy their hunger, and the prevailing distress brings recruits to their ranks. Great as are the hardships they endure in the field, their condition is hardly worse than in time of peace. Animated by the most violent hatred of the Spaniard, and inspired by the increasing hope of success, they will go on to the bitter end.

It is in the economic condition of the island, and not in the passions of the combatants, that we shall find the causes that will terminate the struggle. The chief industries of Cuba are sugar and tobacco. They employ the whole of the labour and constitute the entire wealth of the country. Cuban sugar formerly enjoyed the monopoly of the world. The cane, which in less favoured climates and less fertile soils has to be renewed biennially, here produces its crop for five successive seasons. Under an enlightened government the staple industry would have been encouraged and fostered, and Cuban sugar might have defied even the competition of the bountied beet. The fall in prices, the abolition of slavery, and the consequent scarcity of labour, have combined with the burdens imposed by the rapacity of Spanish officials, and the incompetency of the Government to afford security, to crush the life out of a once thriving industry. In the last revolt the supremacy of the market was for ever lost. The narrowest margin of profit remained to the planter, in place of the princely returns of former days. Now, in 1896, nine-tenths of the year's crop has been destroyed, the expensive plant to purchase which many estates have been heavily mortgaged is broken up, and the labourers are off to the insurgent camps. The effect of such a blow on a struggling industry must be paralysing and may be fatal, in which latter case the wealth of Cuba is a memory of the past.

The tobacco trade is more favourably circumstanced, because Havana cigars are beyond competition. At Key West, eighty miles from Cuba, are cigar factories using the Cuban leaf and employing Havana workmen, and yet the difference in the product can be immediately detected, not only by experts, but by any discriminating smoker. In spite of all the advantages of a monopoly, the industrious peasants of the Vuelta Abajo, finding

their tobacco plantations destroyed and despairing of a stable Government, have returned in large numbers to Spain. The tobacco industry cannot be destroyed, but it has been seriously damaged, and the rise in the price of cigars will shortly bring the Cuban question home to many people.

Surely thoughtful and patriotic Spaniards would be justified if, on the eve of the departure of 80,000 more soldiers, they paused to consider for one moment the question of the profit and the loss. Is the prize worth the blood and treasure that have been expended? Is it wise to send more men to perish in the Cuban forests, or scatter more millions to retain an impoverished and rebellious colony? Is it worth while ruining Spain for Cuba? I am not pleading the rebel cause. Their success should be regarded by European nations as a calamity and as a blow to civilization. But Spain should look at the facts fairly and dispassionately. It is utterly impossible for Cuba to pay the bill. The entire cost of the war is bound to fall on the mother-country. How great that cost will ultimately be may be appreciated by the fact that the expense of the army already in Cuba amounts to nearly £60,000 a day. When the reinforcements arrive this will rise to £85,000 a day. Besides this item must be considered the increased expenditure on naval armaments, the drain on the manhood of the country, and the financial losses sustained in Cuban properties. The price would be enormous even were the result certain. But the balance is now against Spain. The rebels have left their holes and corners, and march unchecked through the most fertile and cultivated provinces. Beyond the range of the Spanish rifles neither law nor order is respected, neither life nor property is secure. The Royalist generals remain inertly frittering away the resources at their command. Nor will reinforcements improve the position. There are now ample troops in Cuba to sweep the island from end to end—or, at any rate, to clear the Western provinces of insurgents. But until they are concentrated and employed in an intelligible manner they cannot affect the situation in any way.

The struggle is now entering upon a more acute phase. No community can afford to desist from their labours for long, and when one half of the population devotes its energies to destroying the accumulations of the other half, the period is considerably shortened. The distress in Cuba is already severe, and it will not be long before actual famine oppresses the inhabitants of this once wealthy island. Then the war will alter in character. A more powerful motive than the desire for liberty will impel the individual. For the watchword of "Free Cuba" will be substituted the cry for bread. With an infuriated population on the one hand, and an unpaid and traditionally brutal soldiery on the other, the horrors of the *Jacquerie* and the *Fronde* will be vividly displayed to the modern world.

It were rash to attempt to forecast the sequel, but the eyes of Europe will be turned to that Great Power of the Western Hemisphere on whom the responsibility of action will then fall. Guided by the determination to be just, and actuated by the desire to be generous, the American people may bring the Cuban question to a solution—equitable to the insurgents, honourable to Spain, and glorious to themselves.

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

MILLAIS AS ACADEMICIAN.

II.

IT was in the logical elaboration of his "Pre-Raphaelite" ideals, in such pictures as the "Autumn Leaves" of 1856, "The Vale of Rest" of 1859, "The Eve of St. Agnes" of 1862, that Millais reached his highest expression as an artist. "From 1862 onwards," says a recent writer upon his work, "we find him taking far more pains to select, to conceal his art, and to give his work *vraisemblance*." That is entirely true; but it must be added that this effort on Millais's part was more and more to select the obvious, to conceal his immense gifts as an artist by mere tricks of cleverness, of superficial effect, and to give his work an appearance of truth by looking at

everything more and more as the great mass of people look at things, "*ex veritate pauca, ex opinione multa*."

In "The Eve of St. Agnes" Millais expresses ideas which are wholly poetical or pictorial, with a far greater freedom of handling than in any of his earlier pictures: indeed, the method of painting which he there employs is in its essence that to which he adhered during the remainder of his life. One of the most successful of his last pictures, which now hangs in the Chantrey collection at South Kensington, is entirely reminiscent, both in conception and execution, of this early picture of "The Eve of St. Agnes." And so during the last thirty odd years of his life Millais's effort as a painter largely consisted in the attempt to develop the freedom of handling which he acquired about this time; in other words, he now first realized in what the genius of oil-paint, as a medium of artistic expression, consisted; and how it had been used by such masters as Reynolds or Velasquez. The method of handling which he had employed in his first pictures, the common method of the Pre-Raphaelites, was essentially that of certain painters who had immediately preceded him, and with whose aims he had this much in common, that, in their endeavour to escape from the pseudo-"Grand Manner" of the school of Haydon and Barry, they had attempted to approach more nearly to the realization of Nature. These painters were seeking to treat figure-pieces with the same truth and sincerity with which the water-colour painter had already approached the painting of landscape: and it was not, therefore, surprising that their method of painting in oils should have been modified by that of the water-colour painters. Indeed, the chief of these artists, J. F. Lewis, had first become known to the world as a painter in water-colours; and the influence which he exerted over the Pre-Raphaelites in their method of painting is undeniable. Somewhere, Rossetti, as early as 1851, speaks of one of his pictures as a "talisman of art." To escape from this confined use of oil-paint, to use its real *genius* as a medium of expression, instead (as the Pre-Raphaelites, in a certain sense, unquestionably did) of striving against its real nature, were now Millais's great endeavour. But the child is father of the man, and Millais at twenty had little or nothing in common with the masters whom he afterwards endeavoured to emulate.

A short while since the writer of this article, after looking at some of the Venetian portraits in the Uffizi, had occasion to turn to that part of the gallery which contains the portraits of the Painters. Millais had then been lately elected President of the Academy, and the sight of his portrait in that unrivalled collection not unnaturally led one to examine its qualities and its effect. Seen after such incomparable pieces of painting as the "Flora" of Titian, what must surely strike every person of an impartial judgment, in this portrait, is the want, not only of all care, but of any sense, for fine handling, for "the manner of leaving the colours," to use Sir Joshua's phrase. The manner of so leaving the colours that they look newly laid upon the canvas "like cheese or cream" is one of the most striking qualities of Titian's painting, as of the greater number of Sir Joshua's pieces; it is, however, but one of many ways of handling. In Frans Hals a fastidious economy, directness, and intention in each stroke of the brush produce another kind of handling, which, like the handling of the silver-point in the drawings of Leonardo and his school, materially furthers the expression of the subject, much in the way that the rhythm of a verse furthers the expression of a subject in poetry. Again, Velasquez, in some passages, paints with the directness of Hals, in others with the curd-like quality of Titian. But Millais knew of none of those helps to expression in painting: he is content to try to obtain an effect independently of them; and consequently his pictures lack the one quality which eminently distinguishes oil-painting from any other medium—namely, the beauty with which it may be laid upon the canvas, apart from any quality of colour or draughtsmanship.

It may be urged that this is a very unfair comparison to draw, that the "Flora" of Titian is the exceptional work of an exceptional genius. Let us, then, follow a comparison which Millais himself suggested, in the picture which he sent to the Diploma Gallery, and which

he called "A Souvenir of Velasquez." This painting of a little girl with a sprig of orange in her hand, seated on the ground, in her black velvet dress with its vermillion tabs, is unquestionably effective and is far more *clever* than any other picture of its time which is to be found in the Diploma Gallery; but its painter is plainly relying, to a large extent, upon his mere dexterity of execution, and the *tour de force* by which he seeks to rival the Spanish painter. But, seen more closely, any such similarity is found to be very superficial. Velasquez's painting is never merely effective; there is everywhere in it some subtlety of character, of colour, or of modelling, which he is seeking to express. In Millais's picture no such subtlety is to be found: the painting of the face is overloaded; the painting of the dress crude and clumsy. He is far more intent on some effect which is to be produced than upon the fastidious expression of a pictorial idea. We see here that his want of any rare and interesting manner of "leaving the colours," of handling, in other words, of fine expression, is consequent upon a corresponding want of fineness and subtlety of observation or design. In imitating Reynolds he is imitating an artist with whom he has little or nothing in common, and whom he could never approach, however much he may have appreciated or admired him. But such imitations of Reynolds, since they contained little, were easily understood; far more easily understood, indeed, than their originals. It was no wonder, then, that their painter, who looked like a gentleman-farmer, who loved hunting and fishing, who had accepted a baronetcy, who lived in a palace which he had built out of the price of his pictures, should have been popular. But between Millais the artist and Millais the Academician is a great gulf fixed; and the truth, perhaps, lies neither with Mr. Ruskin, who would have us believe that in "Sir Isumbras" was catastrophe; nor with the popular voice, which holds that in the painter of "Bubbles," or "Hearts are Trumps," we have a worthy successor to Reynolds and Gainsborough. But an artist lives in his masterpieces: his failures are the perishable part of him, which pass away with his mortality.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE RAND.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

JOHANNESBURG, 3 August, 1896.

THE first annual meeting of the shareholders in the African Estate Company which took place on Saturday could not exactly be described as a pleasing function. On the contrary, there was a very evident disposition evinced to make things unpleasant for the directors. Objection was taken in the first place to the fact that the reports and accounts of the Company had not been printed for general information, whilst only one manuscript copy of these important documents had been laid on the table. It was observed that a Company which was able to spend £34,000 on directors' fees should have been able to afford another £2 or so for supplying printed copies of the balance sheet and report to the shareholders. Then after the Chairman, subject to sundry interruptions, had elucidated and explained the report and accounts in an exhaustive review, those documents themselves came in for a considerable amount of criticism. The option concerning which there is much ill-feeling in Johannesburg was taken exception to, as being merely a pretext for allowing those in the inside ring to off-load their shares. It was contended too, with much heat and some reason, that the Company was originally floated in Johannesburg and subscribed to by Johannesburg people for trust business and for local business, instead of which the Company had gone out of its way to invest a large amount of money in French Rentes, bringing in an interest of 3 per cent., while local opportunities promising a much more remunerative rate of interest had been entirely neglected. Shareholders, it was argued, could invest money for themselves in French Consols were they so minded. Comparisons were instituted between the African Estate Company and the South African Trust and Investment Company, which, with a capital of £50,000, had made a profit of £27,000 in the past six months. Protests were

made against the investment of money in Venezuela and Spain, against the negligent attitude of the directors generally, and against the enormous sum of £34,000 paid in directors' fees. This was explained as being the directors' legitimate due under the trust deed, being equivalent to 10 per cent. of the dividend paid. The item of £117,000 sundry debtors was also demurred to, and this was explained on the ground that the accounts had not yet been adjusted between home and here. A motion, which had been duly seconded, that the report be not adopted was not put to the meeting, but instead an amendment that the meeting be adjourned in order that the shareholders might go into the securities of the Company was carried by a large majority. The special meeting which was to have been held for the purpose of considering the advisability of making certain amendments in the Articles of Association was also adjourned for a week. There can be no question that, although the local properties and securities possessed by the Company are more than ample to justify the present price of the shares, the opportunities of the Company have been sadly misused and neglected, and the local feeling against the directorate is in many respects fully warranted. A general criticism of the position is deferred until such time as the adjourned meeting shall have been held and concluded.

On Saturday last the three representative institutions received a deputation of leading Raad members, who visited Johannesburg for the purpose of conferring with the leaders of the mining industry on the proposed legislation closely affecting that industry. The most important of the subjects discussed was that of Sunday labour at the mines, a proposal now being before the Raad prohibiting work of all kinds on the Sabbath Day. This, if carried, would most injuriously affect the entire industry, and it is understood that strong representations will be made to procure a modification of the law so far as to admit of absolutely necessary work—such as pumping—being permitted, and a strong effort is also being made to allow of the continuance of Sunday milling, which, in view of the fact that the services of certain *employés* would still be required to watch and protect the plates, would entail no extra additional labour. Mr. Jan Meyer, who is the Chairman of the Commission appointed by the Raad to inquire into the question, and who is, from his personal connexion with the industry, well acquainted with the needs and requirements of the mines, is understood to be favourably disposed towards permissive Sunday milling, and the interview which took place on Saturday is believed to have strengthened this tendency. The delegates, who numbered some forty or fifty, were conducted over the Langlaagte Estate and Robinson Mine, and the arguments of the mine leaders were fortified by practical demonstration of the incalculable harm which would result from the passing of the law in its present stringent form. The Chamber of Mines, Association of Mines, and Mine Managers' Association have all given assurances of their willingness to co-operate with Government in dispensing with all but necessary Sunday work, and instructions to this effect have been issued to the various mine managers. The result of Saturday's conference has not yet transpired, but the best results are hopefully anticipated from it. Among other matters informally discussed were the new Liquor Law and the Native Wages Question, and the mine representatives are assured of the cordial assistance and support of the Raad members in both these important directions. The representatives of the three bodies now jointly dealing with the latter question have held their first meeting, the outcome of which, it is understood, will be the presentation at an early date of a scheme of wage-reduction effectually dealing with the problem. The Raad delegates were entertained at lunch on Saturday by the Chamber of Mines, and have returned to Pretoria better informed and more favourably disposed to the conditions and requirements of the mining industry. Their visit will in all likelihood be productive of much good and a more pronounced *entente cordiale* than has hitherto subsisted.

The Sub-Nigel Company held its first annual meeting here last week, and from the report submitted it appears that work on the property has been wholly con-

fined to exploratory operations with a view to locating the reefs of the Nigel series. Owing to the fact that a large portion of the ground is covered up by the coal measures, it has been necessary to attempt this by means of bore-holes. Four have been put down, and in two of them a reef, believed to be the Nigel Reef, has been struck at the comparatively small depths of 537 feet and 548 feet respectively. In the adjoining ground nearer to the probable outcrop the reef has been found at a depth of 1,000 feet, which is considered to point to a large upthrow fault traversing the Sub-Nigel ground, which has not yet been exactly located. The engineer states that the assays of the reefs struck in the bore-holes have not been encouraging; but the bore-holes can, of course, only be of service in locating the reef and not in determining its value, especially as the Nigel Reef is known to be somewhat patchy. Operations have now been temporarily suspended, in the first place, the Chairman pointed out, because there is some diversity of opinion among the Company's engineers as to the necessity for further exploratory work prior to shaft sinking, it having consequently been deemed advisable to await the arrival of the consulting engineer, who is due here next week; and, in the second place, because a scheme is on foot for amalgamating the Sub-Nigel and other properties, and such a scheme, if carried out, might affect the location of the shafts to be sunk. The property of the Sub-Nigel consists of 483 claims situated in the district of Heidelberg. The capital of the Company is £350,000, of which £100,000 formed working capital, and 50,000 shares are held in reserve. The Company still has £90,000 in hand of its original working capital.

Exit the United Langlaagte. To the profound regret of the other shareholders in the Company, and to those acquainted with the values and potentialities of the property, M. Lebaudy, who holds 104,000 out of the 150,000 shares forming the entire capital of the Company, has not seen fit to agree to any reconstruction of the concern, and as a consequence liquidation has become inevitable. M. le Baron de Catelin, who represented M. Lebaudy, and who has expressed himself as by no means in sympathy with the action of that gentleman, has been appointed liquidator of the Company, the obsequies of which will be carried through with all possible despatch. M. Lebaudy may have reasons for the attitude he has taken up on this matter other than those he has seen fit to disclose; but whatever his motives, there can be very little question among those acquainted with the position that, not only is his action inadvisable, but that the moment chosen for carrying his purpose into effect is the worst possible that could have been chosen. However, the best that can now be hoped for is that the realization of the assets of the Company, which include besides the mine proper a large estate holding, the township of Paarlshoop, and a valuable quantity of mining machinery, plant, and equipment, will be of such a nature as to give a satisfactory return to those shareholders who are to some extent victims of M. Lebaudy's obstinacy and short-sightedness. M. Lebaudy's attitude in this matter may be lamented, but it cannot be altered.

Those interested in the Company which has recently been registered under the title of the Witwatersrand Township, and which is destined to embrace the most important of the various city and suburban estate holdings in Johannesburg, have already gone far towards securing one valuable and important acquisition. A firm of attorneys here has, on behalf of principals in the Witwatersrand Township, Limited, made an offer of £300,000 in cash for the entire assets of the Ford and Jeppe Estate Company, Limited. This offer is to be considered by the Company in the course of the next few days, and its acceptance is regarded as a foregone conclusion, on the further stipulation that Mr. Carl Jeppe shall hold the position of Life Governor of the new Company, and that Mr. Julius Jeppe shall sit on the Board for a period of twelve months.

The Census returns have now been made public, and the figures within the three-mile radius—that is, the town proper, excluding such portions of the reef, east and west, as do not fall within this area—show a population of 102,714 souls. Of this total no less than 51,225 are whites, and the balance of 51,489 is made

up of 44,396 Kaffirs, or aboriginal natives, and 7,093 mixed and other coloured races. Of the grand total, 15,981 are under the age of fifteen, and 86,733 over that age. There are 32,741 white males of all ages, as against 18,484 females, or very nearly two males for every female. On the other hand, there are 47,246 coloured males, as against 4,243 coloured females, very nearly twelve males to every female—an enormous disproportion, which points to a serious factor as regards social life amongst the natives of Johannesburg, and no doubt accounts for a great many of those incidents periodically reported under the euphemistic title of the "Social Curse" or the "Social Pest." From a political point of view the figures are also significant and instructive, and would have been still more significant had the large number of white miners outside the three-mile radius been included in the enumeration. In the rough Census of 1890, which was, however, wholly unreliable and inaccurate, the entire white population of the Transvaal was set down at 119,128, which was supposed to include 8,973 Uitlanders, 5,091 of whom were reported domiciled in the Witwatersrand District. The figures disclosed, therefore, by the Sanitary Board's Census should be, and probably will be, something of an eye-opener to the powers that be, and should give them pause in the policy of estrangement and differentiation upon which they have so recklessly embarked. There are, including the miners who have not been enumerated, probably no less than 50,000 Uitlanders on these Fields, and it may well be asked if the Government is acting wisely in withholding civic and political rights from so large, wealthy, and intelligent a community. The Census was taken, among other reasons, because the Government "wanted to know." Now that they do know, it will be interesting to watch how their knowledge will affect them in their relations to the strangers within their gates. As a further indication of the material growth, expansion, and prosperity of Johannesburg, it may be mentioned that within the circumscribed limits there are 14,062 occupied buildings, 367 buildings in course of erection, and 908 unoccupied buildings, the majority of these being schools, churches, warehouses, and the like. It may also be mentioned that the total population of Johannesburg, within the three-mile area, compares with the leading colonial centres as follows: Johannesburg, 102,714; Cape Town, 70,000; Durban, 31,800; and Kimberley and Beaconsfield, 24,000. It will be seen, therefore, that we have some justification in regarding Johannesburg as the "hub" of South Africa.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE salient feature in the City during the week has been a great improvement in the long-depressed "Kaffirs," and this movement has, it need scarcely be said, given a stronger tone to most other departments. There can be no doubt that the public are once again "in the Circus," and the big operators, who have so long held aloof, are naturally backing up what is entirely to their own benefit. A little later we shall probably see a "boom." A supreme calm has settled upon the Foreign Market, and "Yankees" still flounder in the Slough of Despond; but the latter may find some measure of salvation after the Presidential election. Money is hardening and trade is quiet; but generally the conditions are satisfactory.

Gilt-edged securities have recently made their supporters a little nervous by too strong a sympathy with the possibilities of dearer money, which is an old factor, and by no means a bogey. No fall has taken place in prices, Consols remaining at 113, but we suspect an underlying tendency to weakness. From this imputation, however, we except Colonial Government stocks, which are likely to hold their own or do better. We note that the idea of a consolidation of the debts of the Australasian colonies is again being mooted, but it lacks actuality. No doubt one large Australian stock, bearing, say, 3 per cent. interest, would be preferable as an investment to a holding in the many small issues now existing; but why, we ask, should, say, New South

Wales yield any of its credit for the benefit of New Zealand? The Colonies could no more agree over this than over tariff questions, upon which they are at present hopelessly divided. Moreover, any such conversion would have to be optional, and hence, while some bondholders would be as "willin'" as "Mr. Barkis," others would certainly stand aloof. It is all, as things stand now, without federation, a mere council of perfection, and therefore not worth practical discussion.

Despite the indications of labour difficulties in more than one quarter, Home Rails have improved upon their already excellent position. The traffic returns continue to be good; for, although trade is rather quiet, the passenger (holiday) traffic has been immense. The North-Western, for instance, recently had to borrow rolling-stock in order to provide the requisite facilities. This Company comes out well with a gain of £10,373; but the Great Eastern has no diminished head to hide, if a sense of proportion be observed, with a gain of £4,730. The Midland, Great Western, Great Northern, and North British—the two last named, of course, hanging together—also publish excellent reports. At the same time the outlook has been a little obscured by dearer money looming upon the horizon, and also by the broken weather, which threatens to restrict the holidays. The Glasgow and South-Western "Ayrshire" dividend at the rate of 5 per cent., as against 4 per cent. in 1895, had no effect upon the market for Scottish stocks. Our attention has been called, and we shall deal with this and some other similar points later on, to the North-Western Deferred Stock issued by the Stock Conversion Company. It looks cheap compared with several Deferred issues, but our excellent contemporary, the "Economist," is all at sea when it compares the comparative depreciation of some of this Company's "split" stocks with the prices of the original securities out of which they were hewn. The difference is largely due, if we must coin a word, to the varying extent of their "marketability."

The American Railway Market remains an "abomination of desolation," and obstinately refuses to present us with any other feature except one that has become banal—namely, the appointment of another receiver for a bankrupt road, the victim in this case being the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago. This undertaking is of some importance; but fortunately the English public have taken no stock in it, and only hold a few of the bonds. The condition generally remains unfavourable, and the gloom was increased by the failure referred to below, accompanied as it was by several others; but there is one satisfactory feature—which is that Mr. McKinley, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, after "sitting on the fence" for some time, has now definitely declared for "sound money"; in other words, for honesty instead of Silverite repudiation. Canadian Railway securities have been dull. The Trunk's traffic—an increase of £666—affords but little consolation to "bulls" or holders. Sir Rivers Wilson and Mr. "Joe" Price have a "long row to hoe." The Canadian Pacific's return was also rather disappointing.

The once-great "dry goods" firm in New York of A. T. Stewart & Co. has come to the ground. Its founder, Mr. Stewart, made a huge pile during his life, but he acquired greater notoriety when dead, owing to the theft of his corpse from the extremely "ornate" tomb which was erected to his memory. Judge Hilton was one of the trustees, and became, in fact, the managing director of the Stewart property, which owes its downfall in part, no doubt, to the fact that the "Judge," who was associated with hotel management, refused to have anything to do with Jews. Attempts were made to smooth over the difficulty, but without much avail, and this fact, coupled with bad times, has proved too much for the business. It is good to be spoken well of in the tents of Israel. In addition to other influences, it seems that the management of what had probably become more or less Mr. Hilton's own business was not regarded very favourably, and then, too, New York, like London, is always moving "up town," or, in other words, going westward.

The Foreign Market has been featureless, but on the whole a firmer tone has prevailed, owing partly to a belief that the Cretan question is now practically settled—like all Turkish questions, for a time only—and also that no difficulties are likely to occur when the heads of the great European States are holiday-making. The "Shadow" is about, so Reuter says, to supply us with a report on the financial position of the Porte, a thing which has been done before, but not in recent years. It is the preliminary, we suppose, to a new loan. The special point, it is said, to which attention will be drawn is the diminution of the Public Debt since 1890 by the action of the Sinking Fund, this reduction being considerably larger than the increase caused by the issue of new loans. It is stated in official quarters that the annual amount required for the interest on the External Debt is smaller now than it was six years ago. In this there is some measure of truth, and one must be fair to the "Sick Man." Foreign Railway securities have been quiet, and prices have remained irregular within narrow limits. We think well of this market, which is, of course, practically synonymous with South American railway issues. The Miscellaneous Market has attracted little or no attention, almost the only decided movements being in Guinness Ordinary. It is satisfactory to find one Anglo-American Brewery Company doing well, for most of them have been ghastly failures or worse. The directors of the Springfield Breweries, Limited, pay 9 per cent. for the year on the Ordinary shares, although the period was certainly not favourable in any respect. That great institution the Standard Bank of South Africa keeps up to its high standard of 16 per cent., and adds yet a further £20,000 to the reserve, making it £760,000. A most unsatisfactory report has been issued by the Manchester Ship Canal Company.

The South African Market has been, as we predicted, very firm, and a further advance may be anticipated. All the good Rand issues may be bought; but it will be well not to go in for Rhodesian shares just at present with too much impetuosity. It is not yet all over except the shouting. Amongst Land and Exploration shares the *doyen*, Chartereds, have been especially firm; but, remember, the bill has yet to be "footed" by this Company. Still, now that the outbreak in Rhodesia has been practically crushed, it is probable that within a very short period all Africa south of the Zambesi will be thrown open to peaceful development. There is more than meets the eye in that apparently unimportant announcement of the Chartered Company as to the extensions which have been taken in hand by the Bechuanaland Railway Company. By the end of next year it is asserted that railway communication will be open with Bulawayo *via* Mafeking, whilst the Beira railway will have been carried on to Salisbury. There can be little doubt that Rhodesia has enormous potentialities, including, despite all that detractors may say, extensive and promising auriferous districts. But nothing in the way of profit could be reasonably expected until the cost and almost insuperable difficulties of transit have been overcome. For the future we have the security of peace, and also the best guarantees as to industrial development. It is to be hoped, however, that the Chartered Company will as far as possible seek to reduce the rigour of its terms. At the same time, we suppose, not much in this way can be expected until it has recovered from the losses it has recently sustained. Anyhow, we think well of Chartereds as a speculative lock-up.

Westralian shares have been rather neglected, and prices have had a rather ragged appearance. They are likely to remain in the cold shade of neglect for a time, owing to the absorption of interest by "Kaffirs," but we believe in the market and its future. Amongst other Australian issues Aladdin's Lamps burn brightly, nor could they do less in view of the character of recent returns. The ore is going about 5 oz. to the ton, and 3 tons of stuff contained 391 oz. of gold. Total yield in four weeks, 1,539 oz. of gold from 239 tons of ore. No special feature has been developed in New Zealand shares. Copper shares have been rather active, especially, of course, their bell-wether, Rio

Tintos. Indian gold descriptions keep good, and their quiet firmness is not likely to be affected for the present.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

A NEW ZEALAND "DOLCOATH."

"Dolcoath" is a name to conjure with in Cornwall, and no wonder, for it is far and away the greatest of English tin mines. But we fail to see the particular appropriateness of applying this historic title to a New Zealand gold mining venture. This, however, has been done in the case of the Dolcoath Gold-Mining Company (Hauraki Peninsula, New Zealand), Limited, which made its bow to the public on Wednesday with a capital of £150,000. We have seldom read a more audacious prospectus. So far as we can tell no development work whatever has been done on this fifty-seven acres of supposed auriferous land in New Zealand, but the vendor asks for £125,000 from the British Public on the strength of the area adjoining other mining properties. Amongst these is the "Kapanga," which, we are told, has been a great gold producer in the past—yes, the somewhat distant past—and it is not from our point of view at all encouraging to be told that this very Company is sinking the deepest shaft in the colony in order to test the value of its deep levels; for if the Kapanga—poor thing!—has to go so deep below the surface before it strikes "pay dirt," what value can be attached to the possible worth of the "dip" into this so-called "Dolcoath"? There is little more to be said, except that the Board is very far from being brilliant, a director of the Adamant Stone and Paving Company, Limited—somewhat appropriate in this connexion—being the best known director; and also that the trick of opening and shutting the list on the same day has now become a little too obvious.

"OLD BUSHMILLS."

Although "Old Bushmills" whisky may be good enough to drink, no investor should swallow the securities of the distillery Company which bears this title, and has been formed to carry on the manufacture of this particular brand of "Irish." The Company, which came out about a week ago, has been exposed to such severe criticism, that to deal with it at any length now would be merely slaying the slain; but at the same time some reference to it is necessary. The Company, it is to be noted, was placed in the hands of a receiver in 1894, and the report of the accountants, Messrs. John McCullough & Co., published in the prospectus, although dated 30 July, 1896, refers to the two years and nine months ending 30 April, 1894. Evidently, therefore, no information of the slightest importance is given as to the value of the Company as a going concern, and the public do not usually acquire an undertaking simply for its breaking-up value.

A "GRAND CENTRAL" OF MEXICO.

One of the most subtle, and at the same time the most dangerous, modes of financing companies—dangerous to the public, we mean, of course—is that of "making a market" for the shares, and so planting them upon the public without the issue of a prospectus. In the last few years this system has been much in vogue, and it is not surprising—for the keen criticism which often awaits the advent of a prospectus is averted; nothing is known of the articles of association, which may be as wide as the Atlantic, and perhaps taken out in Patagonia; while the directors are as likely as not to be men of straw—all facts to be ascertained when too late. These remarks certainly apply to a number of rubbishy mining companies brought out by outside brokers, promoters, *et hoc genus omne*, in the course of the past few years; but it has to be remembered that, even in the case of the Chartered Company, no public issue was made, nor was there, therefore, any disclosure of facts to the public. The plan is bad; but evidently extremes meet. At which end are we to place the Grand Central Mining Company, which is a Mexican Mining Company, with a capital of £250,000 in £1 shares, now quoted (nominally) in the "market" at about £2. Some extracts have

been distributed to the Press, but it is difficult to say offhand whether they are intended as "Ads" pure and simple, or whether they are intended to figure as paragraphs in guileless leading articles. The Company, which is a child of the Exploration Company, appears to have thirty stamps at work, and a certain quantity of ore in sight, which seems to be rich in bullion—whether gold or silver, or both, is not stated by the deponents. But of the essentials we are discreetly told nothing. Is the Company an English one or not? Who are the directors? What was the purchase price? or, in other words, What did the Exploration Company pay for shares now valued (nominally) in the market at, say, £375,000? To all these questions, no doubt, the most absolutely satisfactory answers can be given; but we should like to have them before investing.

For some time past we have received numerous inquiries from subscribers in regard to money matters, and we have therefore decided from next week to give them, as far as possible, the required information.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BEETROOT AND BOUNTIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LINGDALE, CLAUGHTON, CHESHIRE, 24 August, 1896.

SIR,—The article which recently appeared in your Review on Bounties and English Sugar Refining has excited a good deal of attention, and generally there is a feeling of regret that a legitimate British industry should be dying out under the pressure of the bounties given by Germany and other countries. But it is said if these countries make us a present of extra cheap sugar, should we not be doing our own country an injustice if—for the sake of keeping the sugar-refining industry alive—we counteract the effect of these bounties by an import duty? It is further said that it is not only in the money value of the sugar that this country is benefited, but even more by the stimulating effect that cheap sugar has had on the "jam making" and "confectionery" trades, which taken together are more important than the whole of the sugar-refining industry. This is perfectly true; but it is also true that sugar-refining has had very little to do with the reduction in the price of sugar, for the cost of refining is not very much less than it was years ago when sugar was twice its present value. It would be as reasonable to say that bread is cheaper now than formerly owing to the improved methods of milling, forgetting that the price of wheat is now only 25s. per quarter, instead of 40s. a few years ago. The fact is that sugar is cheap in company with all agricultural produce. And the refining of sugar only increases the price of the refined article by the cost of the operation, and this does not vary whether the price of raw sugar is high or low. Consequently, the countervailing of the bounty on refined sugar (which should be only a matter of 6d. per cwt.) would have no appreciable effect on the jam and confectionery trades, and as long as raw sugar is produced at low prices, whether by the aid of bounties or without them, these trades will enjoy the benefit whether raw sugar is refined here or abroad.

Let us now consider the question of bounties and their bearing on the sugar-refining industry from a national point of view. The bounties given are of two kinds, those on raw sugar which are a direct advantage to us, and only a disadvantage to such of our Colonies as produce and export sugar; the other kind is that given on refined sugar, and is the one which adversely affects the British sugar-refining. The amount given by the different countries varies, but practically the sum given does not exceed 6d. per cwt., and consequently an import duty of 6d. per cwt. would intercept the whole of this bounty; which up to the present time has destroyed one-half of the trade, and will surely and not slowly annihilate what remains.

Now, without forecasting what our gain, or loss will be when British sugar-refining has ceased to be an industry, let us examine its position from a national standpoint at the present time.

Last year the consumption of sugar in the United Kingdom was	1,462,260 tons
Of which we imported as foreign refined	674,808 "
Leaving raw sugar	787,452 "
Of which 12 per cent. is lost in refining, or would be produced as syrup	94,494 "

English refined 692,958 "

So that in round figures we may take the present consumption of sugar to consist of one-half of British refined, the other half foreign. This makes the calculation simple, and the national profit or loss is seen at a glance. Thus the foreign refiner, with the help of his bounty, is able to undersell the British refiner to the extent of his bounty, say 6*d.* per cwt., and the English refiner to meet this competition has to sell 6*d.* or some part of 6*d.* per cwt. under cost price. And the consequence is the British consumer buys his sugar 6*d.* per cwt. cheaper than he could do if there were no bounty, or if the bounty were intercepted by an impost duty.

But from a national point of view it is perfectly clear that the country only gains 6*d.* per cwt. on the half that comes from abroad; for as the other half comes out of the British refiner's pocket, it is clear that in this instance it is only robbing Peter to pay Paul, and so the national gain is only 6*d.* per cwt. on the 674,808 tons of imported refined sugar, which is equal to £337,404 per annum.

We will now look at the other side of the account. At the present time we refine one half of the sugar consumed, and if there were no bounties should refine nearly the whole; consequently, we are losing the cost of refining on one half of our consumption. The cost of turning raw sugar into refined is from 15. 6*d.* to 2*s.* per cwt., according to the kind produced. Taking an average, and allowing 7 per cent. interest on the capital engaged, the cost of refining comes out at about 2*s.* per cwt. The result is, that we are importing 674,804 tons of refined sugar at a profit of £337,404, and we are losing the refining cost of 2*s.* per cwt. on a similar weight of sugar, and the sum comes out as follows:—

Loss to the United Kingdom through not refining 674,804 tons at 2 <i>s.</i> per cwt.	£1,349,608
Profit on buying 674,804 tons foreign refined, 6 <i>d.</i> per cwt. under cost price... ..	337,404

The country thus loses £1,012,204 nearly a million per annum, by the present system of bounties on refined sugar.

I venture to think that this plain statement of the case will startle any one who has the national interest at heart, but the damage does not end here, for the £374,406 we gain in our "under-cost-price" sugar is dispersed in infinitesimal portions in every tea-cup in the country, no one feeling an atom the better for the money, whereas the million pounds which we would pay to do the work at home would nearly double itself in flowing out again into other industries. No other country in the world would hesitate for a moment, but would at once intercept bounties in whatever trade or in whatever form given by foreigners, and perhaps, when the above statement is understood, and believed, we too may do the needful. Although John Bull has a slight craze on the Free trade question, he will quickly waken up to his own interest when he once perceives that the sweet little sop of a bounty on refined sugar is losing him an important industry many times more valuable than the treacherous bounty of the wily German!—Yours truly,

GEORGE JAGER, JUNR.

SHERIDAN IN BARREL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

HÔTEL GISELA, FRANZENSBAD, 12 August, 1896.

SIR,—Two articles in the "Saturday" have appeared with the heading "Sheridan in Barrel," the first on the 25 July, the second on 8 August. It is asserted in both that I have included in my "Biography of Sheridan" several letters which are styled, without quali-

fication, "fabrications." If I have done this knowingly, I am guilty of being an accomplice in a fraud on the public; if the accusation be wholly unfounded, or recklessly made, it bears the character of a libel.

I shall go through the statements in the order of their occurrence, the first being that I am "careful not to tell" how a letter which I have proved to be a forgery came into my "temporary custody." In the appendix to the first volume of my "Biography" I have reproduced from the "Athenæum" for 25 January, 1895, what I wrote about that letter, and no reader of the "Athenæum" has ever reproached me with concealment. It was not necessary to state in that journal that the letter was the property of Mr. Daly of New York, who, as I have said in the prefatory note to my work, has acquired by purchase many papers by Miss Linley, by Sheridan, or relative to them. Another letter, also in Mr. Daly's library at New York, is next referred to, and it is tested "by a superficial examination," which the biographer is said to have neglected, with the result of showing that Dr. Dolman, the writer, like other persons, mis-spelt Sheridan's name and made blunders in French. Despite this "test," it remains true that Dr. Dolman wrote the letter which Mr. Daly possesses, and that it is no more a forgery than the lines which I pen. By way of proving the spuriousness of the letter, the following words are quoted from a letter by Sheridan: "She is recovered, and about to fix herself at the convent." Sheridan's own words are, "Miss Linley is now fixing in a Convent, where she has been entered some time. This has been a much more difficult point than you could have imagined, and we have, I find, been extremely fortunate. She has been ill, but is now recovered."

The bad spelling in letters by Miss Linley, of which Mr. Daly is also the possessor, is advanced in support of the charge of fabrication. It is said that "Mr. Fraser Rae later in his work apologizes for the lady, saying that her early education had been neglected." What I actually wrote was: "Her early letters betray an imperfect education." The article continues: "This was not the case. She was an elegant, accomplished woman." Doubtless she became, as I have clearly shown, "an accomplished woman"; but a girl of sixteen may be highly trained as a singer and very deficient as a writer. This was Miss Linley's case. She educated herself till the letters which she wrote in after years deserve the praise which I have given to them; they are "excellent specimens of familiar and finished prose." What happened to her was paralleled by what happened to George Sand's mother. Before marriage, Madame Dupin wrote so badly that her husband could with difficulty understand her meaning. She took pains to improve herself, and the grandmother of George Sand, who was a severe critic, pronounced Madame Dupin's later letters pleasing pieces of composition.

The same article in "The Saturday" contains the statement that "Sheridan's letters are full of tender affection and constancy; yet in the spurious letters we find the lady in a perfect fury." The reader who is unacquainted with my "Biography of Sheridan" will naturally infer that the letters referred to above were addressed by Sheridan to Miss Linley, whereas they were addressed to Thomas Grenville. I have not seen any letters from him to Miss Linley, nor do I think that any are extant. She was not as careful as he in preserving papers. From the letters which he received when young to the cards of invitation to dinner which he received in later years, all were preserved by him; and he left these behind him, along with copies in his own hand of the important letters which he wrote, the whole forming the mass to which his second wife thus refers in a letter to Mrs. Lefanu:—"Our dear Sheridan has left behind him an incredible quantity of private papers." If Moore had been patient and persevering enough to go carefully through these papers, but little would have been left for me to publish for the first time.

Passing over, for the present, some remarks as to how "the fabricator" had "evidently worked" upon a hint given by Moore, I avail myself of this opportunity to correct a mistaken inference that a letter in which Mrs. Siddons is named was written by Mrs. Sheridan at Isleworth. Most of the letters of Mrs. Sheridan, of her

husband, and of such contemporaries as corresponded with them, are lacking in records as to the place where and the date when they were written. Since the publication of my book I have been favoured by Mr. A. J. Butler, the great-grandson of Mrs. Stratford Canning, with the perusal of a series of letters which Mrs. Sheridan sent to her friend, Mrs. Stratford Canning, and from one of these letters I learn that the letter in question was written at Southampton. Mrs. Sheridan knew little about theatrical matters then, ten years having elapsed since she kept for a time, as Moore states, as I have stated also, and as extant documents confirm, the accounts of Drury Lane Theatre; and for many years before she had seldom entered the theatre, being, as Elizabeth Sheridan, writing from Southampton, states in her journal, in words which I have quoted, unable to conceive "what pleasure" others can find in going to the play. Moreover, she was in a consumption, from which she died within six months, when she made the inquiries about Drury Lane which are classed in the "Saturday" among the fabrications of some unnamed person. The first article ends with comments, of which I do not understand the purport, on a letter of the Prince of Wales to Mrs. Sheridan. This letter is one of thirteen written by the Prince, which Moore regretted that he dared not publish. It is as little of a fabrication as the letter of Dr. Dolman and the letters of Miss Linley.

I have dealt so much in detail with the charges in the number of the "Saturday" for 25 July, that I shall pass rapidly over others of the like nature in the number for 8 August, where, indeed, the documents are styled "fabrications" without any qualification, and where the chief evidence adduced is "the absurdity" of Mrs. Sheridan, after having been married ten years, ending a note with "God thee bless, my dear one, believe that I love thee, and will love thee for ever." In this strain most of her letters end, and, though the words may be deemed "absurd" by the "Saturday," they do not constitute proof of the letters wherein they occur having been fabricated. It is said: "We shall be told, of course, that these letters are all in Mrs. Sheridan's handwriting." The "Saturday" is quite correct in this anticipation; and as they are in Mrs. Sheridan's handwriting, no other answer could be truthfully given. But, then, it appears that I have been so indiscreet as to supply facsimiles of a genuine letter, as well as of a doubtful one: and, it is added, "we have no hesitation in saying that any expert, or indeed person of average intelligence, who compares them would pronounce the latter to be an imitation." I have not done what is here attributed to me. Both of the letters were printed in 1877 by Miss Matilda Stoker in the "English Illustrated Magazine"; both were then pronounced spurious; both are in the collection of Sheridan papers which was made by Mr. McHenry, with the assistance of Mr. Francis Harvey, the well-known bookseller, a collection which, as I have already stated, is now the property of Mr. Augustin Daly, and both were penned by Mrs. Sheridan. One of these letters was re-addressed by the postmaster, and I have given the facsimile of the cover, which, I venture to maintain, is not a fabrication.

My indiscretion in publishing these facsimiles has been followed, I am assured, by a graver fault, for it is written, "Our biographer seems to have a hankering after dubious papers of all kinds." Among these "dubious papers" are two acts of "The School for Scandal," with Sheridan's final corrections in his own handwriting. I am charged with not saying where I found them. I have carefully indicated in the text or in footnotes the places where I have found papers or the persons from whom I have received them, and I thought I had made it clear that all the others were preserved at Frampton Court. These two acts in Sheridan's best comedy are among them. Concealment in this matter, if intentional, would have been silly. I deny that I am guilty of it. I pass over the comments on Sheridan's corrections; what he wrote requires no defence. In the last paragraph relating to them, a passage occurs which, I think, must have been transposed or printed inadvertently. It begins, "Who, will it be supposed," and ends "did once." There is an uncomplimentary reference to myself in it. Moore should have been coupled with me, as both he and myself are equally blameworthy, if, in-

deed, blundering ought to be imputed to either for recording a fact.

I ask permission to refrain from noticing the succeeding paragraphs in the second article, which have nothing whatever to do with the authenticity of Miss Linley's letters, which are couched in very offensive language, and which contain statements that any fair-minded reader of my "Biography of Sheridan" must pronounce to be absolutely unfounded and unjustifiable. I regret, as a contributor to the "Saturday" in bygone days, and as an admirer now that it has renewed its youth, that any statements so contrary to good manners and good taste should have sullied its columns.

I revert, in conclusion, to the references to Moore. In the first article it is written: "Moore states that there had been a serious quarrel between the lovers, and the fabricator [of Miss Linley's letters] evidently worked upon this hint," while the following words appear in the second article: "We find the genesis of all this" in vol. ii. p. 148 of "Moore's Life." Now, the evidence of "a serious quarrel between the lovers" was found by Moore in the letters which the "Saturday" affirms to have been "fabricated" after a hint given by him. The "fabrications," as they are termed, and are confidently said in the two articles I have analysed to have been produced after Moore's work was published, were in Moore's possession while the work was in preparation.—Believe me to be, faithfully yours,

W. FRASER RAE.

[Mr. Fraser Rae's reply is weak, and not too candid. Thus he quotes, as the critic's proof of fabrication, "the absurdity" of Mrs. Sheridan writing "God thee bless," &c., after ten years of married life. No such statement was made. The absurdity was in hunting her husband from party to party. He reasserts his astounding statement that she "kept the books of the theatre," and now says he has Moore's authority for it. We turn to Moore, and find what he states is that she assisted in "calculating the receipts of the house," as Mrs. Bancroft might have done at Tottenham Court Road. Since Mr. Fraser Rae does not know the meaning of the stage term "discovered," we can hardly expect him to distinguish between theatrical book-keeping and forecasting the probable receipts of a house. Again, he declares that any one would assume from the criticism that certain letters were addressed to Miss Linley by Sheridan instead of to Mr. Grenville. To make his point the biographer actually suppresses the preceding sentence, where they are distinctly introduced as the Sheridan-Grenville letters!]

Next as to the supposed Linley fabrications. Mr. Fraser Rae meets the damaging point that they were introduced to the public in company with a document admittedly forged, with this answer: "No reader of the 'Athenæum' has ever reproached me with concealment!" Nor does he touch on the Munchausen-like legend of the Barrels—admitted now to have been a fabrication. Letters and story seem to have come from this Mr. McHenry, whose record was—well, not exactly immaculate. Mr. McHenry, it seems, "declined to suffer the source from which the papers were taken to be indicated"! Here surely are all the elements of an imposture: an admittedly forged letter: a legend about Barrels: and silence on the part of the owner as to how he came by his property.

To the plain statement that the handwriting of the two facsimiles is not the same writing, that one is genuine, the other spurious, Mr. Fraser replies, that both were in Mr. McHenry's collection: that both now belong to Mr. Daly: that both were printed in 1877, and that both were penned by Mrs. Sheridan—which is mere assertion. The argument from the spelling—that the person who spelt thousands of difficult words correctly, and wrote excellent and fluent English, would not write "nacked" and "cords"—Mr. Fraser Rae passes by with a statement about George Sand's mother. Then there is the English doctor's letter, "also in Mr. Daly's library at New York." Here again the triumphant answer is, that the doctor "wrote the letter which Mr. Daly possesses." Further, it is "no more a forgery than the lines which I pen." No notice whatever is taken of the inconsistencies pointed out. Mr. Fraser Rae's notions of good manners and good taste have a certain psychological interest for us, as showing how hard he has been hit by our criticisms.—ED. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

THE PRECOCIOUS SCHOOL OF HUMOUR.

"The Works of Max Beerbohm." With a Bibliography by John Lane. London: John Lane. 1896.

MR. HERBERT VIVIAN and his "Whirlwind"—for it was his in all its merits—first gave a wide publicity to the peculiar humour begotten of the encounter of the British schoolboy and æstheticism. That was seven years ago, and to-day the "Whirlwind" is treasured by hundreds of people, and one finds it a vivid memory in the most divergent types of mind. What the popular novels of 1889—that was the memorable year, unless the reviewer's memory has failed him altogether—may have been, one must seek painfully to discover, and the titles awaken but the faintest memory of incident or character; but the historical dismissal of the "Whirlwind" publisher loses nothing by the flight of time. And it was in the "Whirlwind" that the delightful anecdote of "Don't mention it, Miss Brooks," first reached common men—and ultimately Mr. Crockett. But Mr. Herbert Vivian was only the first of the crop that was sown in the public schools and grew up in University colleges. Less catholic, perhaps, but less coarse and loud, we have had the admirable Mr. Street, and this present Mr. Max Beerbohm—the masters of the school; and, in addition, an infinity of exasperating imitators. For this posing wit, even in the work of the masters, is never far from the verge of silliness. To-day there are youths in Chicago even laboriously taking up the wondrous tale. If, as is highly probable, the succession of readers of Messrs. Vivian, Street, and Max Beerbohm continues to the establishment of an immortality, it will be, in a still higher degree of probability, by virtue of work they had finished by five and twenty. The jest is played out. They are a curious group, hectic, but artists indisputably—the Carlovingsians, as it were, of literature.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, whose undeniable insight and penetration are coquettishly enhanced rather than hidden by his mask of elaborate affectation, perceives this quite clearly, and terminates this collection of his works by a graceful farewell to the reader. "I belong to the Beardsley period," he writes with a certain dignified sadness. "Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo junioribus*. Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well. I have acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes." His first publication was in April 1894. A run of more than two years is putting a strain upon an attitude. The "Whirlwind" did not last nearly that time.

And he will be wise to adhere to the spirit of his farewell, and perish and begin again. Let us have no belated resurrection of his dead adolescence after the fashion of "Bonconnoc." For, apart from the pose, there is some very real ability in Mr. Max Beerbohm. This, for instance, written wisely in the manner of folly, is really very fundamental criticism of a man treated too often foolishly in the manner of wisdom:—

"In the year of grace 1890, and in the beautiful autumn of that year, I was a freshman at Oxford. I remember how my tutor asked me what lectures I wished to attend, and how he laughed when I said that I wished to attend the lectures of Mr. Walter Pater. Also I remember how, one morning soon after, I went into Ryman's to order some foolish engraving for my room, and there saw, peering into a portfolio, a small, thick, rock-faced man, whose top hat and gloves of bright dogskin struck one of the many discords in that little city of learning or laughter. The serried bristles of his moustachio made for him a false-military air. I think I nearly went down when they told me that this was Pater.

"Not that even in those more decadent days of my childhood did I admire the man as a stylist. Even then I was angry that he should treat English as a dead language, bored by that sedulous ritual wherewith he laid out every sentence as in a shroud—hanging, like a widower, long over its marmoreal beauty or ever he could lay it at length in his book, its sepulchre. From

that laden air, the so cadaverous murmur of that sanctuary, I would hook it at the beck of any jade. The writing of Pater had never, indeed, appealed to me, ἀλλ' αἰεὶ (having regard to the couth solemnity of his mind, to his philosophy, his rare erudition) *τινα φῶτα μέγαν καὶ καλὸν ἐδέχμην*. And I suppose it was when at length I saw him that I first knew him to be fallible."

But the penetrating suggestions of the whimsical collocation of Mr. Pater and the Prince of Wales, of which this is the opening, must be read in its completeness to be properly appreciated. From the point of view of the present reviewer, the best of this collection of quaint essays are the studies of Mr. Coates and of George the Fourth. In several passages of "Dandies and Dandies" the pose protrudes and offends, and in the "Pervasion of Rouge" it is entirely overdone.

Yet this is very delightful, in the Dandiacal essay:—

"On this, the psychological side of foppery, I know no one so expert as him whom, not greatly caring for contemporary names, I will call Mr. Le V. . . . Mr. Le V. has many disciples, young men who look to him for guidance in all that concerns costume, and each morning come, themselves tentatively clad, to watch the perfect procedure of his toilet and learn invaluable lessons. . . . I remember that I once asked Mr. Le V., half in jest, what he should wear on the Judgment Day. Seriously, and (I fancied) with a note of pathos in his voice, he said to me, 'Young man, you ask me to lay bare my soul to you. If I had been a saint I should certainly wear a light suit, with a white waistcoat and a flower; but I am no saint, sir, no saint. . . . I shall probably wear black trousers, or trousers of some very dark blue, and a frock-coat, tightly buttoned.'"

It was a pleasant idea to bring these fugitive papers together and present them in the distinctive coverings of a library edition, and there was humour in the conception of a carefully compiled bibliography. But Mr. Lane's preface to the latter has scarcely the quality to harmonize with Mr. Beerbohm's text—the grin occasionally shows through. Mr. Lionel Cust, for instance, is stated to be seeking portraits of our author, and Mr. Beerbohm, we are told, went to America to found a monarchy. Mr. Lane should take counsel with the "Yellow Dwarf" in the art of avoiding the obvious. It would be an admirable thing if we could have some or all of the "Whirlwind"—which at present one has to cherish in drawers among Japanese prints and the like—in an equally convenient and enduring volume.

MOUNTAINEERING IN NEW ZEALAND.

"Climbs in the New Zealand Alps: being an Account of Travel and Discovery." By E. A. Fitzgerald, F.R.G.S. London: Fisher Unwin. 1896.

MR. FITZGERALD'S handsome book has been abundantly boomed. That is a pity, because it is good enough to stand on its own merits as a well-written record of climbing, though Mr. Fitzgerald has not yet at least the skilful pen of Mr. Green, whose modest volume on his experiences in the same region was published some years ago. Mr. Fitzgerald, with the aid of his publisher, has done his best to make his book attractive, but in the process it has become somewhat unwieldy, more so indeed than such an interesting book should be. There are many photographs, those which are taken from photographs being excellent, while others which have been worked up by the artist are not always so satisfactory as could be wished. Many process blocks are scattered throughout the text, while the large-scale map, a reproduction of the N. Z. Survey map, with a few additions by Mr. Fitzgerald, is a beautiful specimen of cartography, and as useful as it is beautiful. Mr. Fitzgerald calls his book "An Account of Travel and Discovery." Travel of course Mr. Fitzgerald did, both horizontally and altitudinally, and that on a considerable scale; and we do not object to his claim to be a discoverer. We are not of those who limit exploration to a certain altitude. Those who have eyes to see will find plenty of geography on mountain tops, which are surely as much a part of the earth's surface as the deepest valleys. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, does not go much into matters of physical geography, except in so

far as he gives us a very fair idea of the extensive glaciation of the Southern Alps. But, apart from his exploration of some of the stiffest summits of these mountains, Mr. Fitzgerald rests his claim as a discoverer on the fact that he was the first to cross a pass which connects the country in the east with the coast region in the west, with which direct communication is extremely difficult. Attempts had previously been made to cross this pass; but though portions of it had been traversed, and although it was laid down on the Survey map, as a matter of fact Mr. Fitzgerald and his indomitable Swiss guide, Zurbriggen, were the first to cross it. Whether it will be available as a regular route between east and west remains to be tested; if it proves to be so, Mr. Fitzgerald deserves the gratitude of New Zealanders. So far, however, the feeling, at least in the New Zealand Alpine Club, has been quite the other way. Mr. Fitzgerald claims that he is the first to have crossed the Southern Alps, but we are assured that is a mistake, that there already exist several well-known passes across these Alps. The fact is the dispute all turns upon the definition of the term Southern Alps. Mr. Fitzgerald confines it to a very limited extent of the range, while in New Zealand the line is generally drawn further north. But it is all a mere question of words. It is known that the New Zealand Government have long been desirous of finding a pass across this particular part of the range, and Mr. Fitzgerald says he has found one. At least he succeeded in crossing.

His discoveries, however, include some further items. He returned from the west coast in company with Mr. Harper, who for some years has devoted himself to the exploration of these mountains, by a route to the north of the pass, which led over some of the most extensive glaciers of this part of the island. These glaciers, indeed, cover a great area, and have many ramifications. These ramifications were imperfectly mapped, and Mr. Fitzgerald succeeded in "discovering" several glaciers, or branches of glaciers, which were not on the map, or only vaguely indicated. Exercising the right of the discoverer, he scattered with a free hand over these glaciers the names of friends and persons of more or less distinction. We do not know whether among the former is to be counted a certain newspaper and its proprietor; but in an upper corner of the map we have the "Times Glacier" (a somewhat tiny one), surmounted by Mount Walter. The names of Grant Duff, Markham, Scott Keltie have all been similarly immortalized. Conway has, of course, not been forgotten; he sits exalted on the summit of a peak 9,500 feet high, while Freshfield is shut up by himself on a tiny glacier that has no apparent outlet. Is this multiplication of names really necessary? It may possibly be a convenience; but several of the glaciers to which names have been attached seem, to judge from the map, to have no separate existence, but simply to be parts or branches of larger glaciers.

This will give some idea of the extent of Mr. Fitzgerald's discoveries. But we need scarcely say that it is not as a record of discovery that his narrative is likely to be read. With the aid of the indispensable Zurbriggen, he succeeded in scaling several virgin peaks, and set an example to New Zealanders in daring and method which we feel sure will be productive of good results. These peaks may not be very high—none of them much over 10,000 feet—but they are hedged with difficulties and dangers, which, of course, will to some extent disappear as experience discovers the most practicable routes. But Mr. Fitzgerald and his guide deserve all the credit due to pioneers. Mr. Fitzgerald tells the story of these ascents with great spirit and good humour. He and his guide had some narrow escapes, and spent many uncomfortable hours in a region where hurricanes seem to be the rule, and where it occasionally does not rain. The Alps of New Zealand are a gift to be proud of. Though not so lofty nor so extensive as the Swiss Alps, they barely yield to them in grandeur and picturesqueness; while the glaciated area is of enormous extent, the snow-limit on the west coming down to not many hundred feet above sea-level. Mr. Fitzgerald's account of the curious life of the isolated dwellers in the west coast is interesting. The book

deserves to be read by all interested in mountaineering; and there is much in it that ought to attract the ordinary reader in search of information combined with excitement.

THE NAVY RECORDS SOCIETY.

"Letters of Sir Samuel Hood, 1781-2-3." Edited by David Hannay. London. 1896.

"An Index to James's Naval History." Edited by the Hon. T. A. Brassey. London. 1896.

THE two volumes which the Navy Records Society has just produced are not, perhaps, so important as their last publication, the "Unpublished Documents concerning the Armada"; but they are both useful and interesting. Of Mr. Brassey's "Index to James's Naval History" we need not speak at any length. Every one who has had occasion to use William James's indispensable work knows the exasperating difficulty of turning up any particular incident in its six volumes. There was nothing to guide the reader, except short and inadequate chapter headings, till Mr. Brassey was seized with the notion of constructing a full and complete index. It is divided into four sections, dealing respectively with names of ships, names of naval officers, names of persons other than naval officers, and names of engagements. It is very interesting to note by casting the eye down the Index the curious runs of luck and misfortune suffered by certain ships. Of all the English vessels, the old "Victory" comes in for the largest number of entries; long before Nelson came to command her she had a most distinguished career. Among the French the "Sémillante," a 36-gun frigate, receives the largest individual notice; she was a most lucky ship, sharing in eleven actions with English vessels, yet escaping capture—a very strange thing for a pitcher that went so oft to the well. After serving long on the East India station, she at last escaped to France; while all the other French frigates that based their raids on Mauritius and Bourbon were finally destroyed by Commodore Rowley. For a record of curious vicissitudes we may note the eventful career of the "Minerve," a French 40-gun frigate captured in 1793, and added to the British navy under the same name. After a distinguished service of ten years she was accidentally run ashore near Cherbourg, and became French again, in 1803, under the new name of "Cannonière." She then ran the blockade, escaped to the Indian Ocean, and preyed on English commerce there till, in 1810, returning home, she was captured by the "Valiant." We imagine that this is the only record of a vessel that was twice French and twice English.

Less dry in its character than the "Index to James," but not such exhilarating reading to the patriotic student, is Mr. Hannay's "Letters of Hood." This volume is concerned with a gloomy page in the history of the British Navy, the time of the loss of our West India Islands, and the capitulation of Yorktown. Sir Samuel Hood appears in his letters as a capable and clear-sighted man and an officer of much courage and resource, but it would be too much to say that his correspondence leaves a pleasant impression on the reader. He was possessed of a bitter pen and a sarcastic turn of mind, and the greater part of his private correspondence is devoted to criticizing his commanders and his colleagues. He could recognize merit when he saw it, and speaks on occasion very handsomely of many of his subordinates; but for his superiors he had no mercy. It is true that his lot was cast in evil days, and that the sight of De Grasse's fleet riding unopposed in the Atlantic and of the English armies in America cut off from succour was enough to sour a man of milder mood. We may grant that the Whig oligarchy and their successors in North's Cabinet had committed many jobs in the Navy which rightly moved the observer's wrath. But Hood exceeds all measure in abusing in his private correspondence officers whom he in public took care to conciliate. As Mr. Hannay says in his excellent preface:—

"There is something unpleasant in the spectacle of Hood writing backbiting letters (I am afraid there is no other word for them) while he was keeping up an

appearance of friendship to his chief Rodney's face. Whatever may have been Hood's superiority in faculty, there is an air of breeding about Rodney, a distinction of manner, which his subordinate entirely lacks. . . . When we read Rodney's own very able letters in Mundy's two volumes, we wonder 'if these can have come from the same man that Hood describes.'

Hood openly hints that Rodney sacrificed the campaign of 1781 to his wish to make dishonest gains at St. Eustatius—"the Lares of which place were so bewitching as not to be withstood by flesh and blood. . . . Our commanders-in-chief could not bear the thought of leaving money behind them, and will find it difficult to convince the world that they have not been wickedly rapacious." He several times repeats his belief that Rodney's great victory over De Grasse on 12 April, 1782, was "a botch," and that the Admiral checked the pursuit because in a spirit of childish vanity he was so pleased with the capture of the "Ville de Paris," the hostile flag-ship, that he could think of nothing else than visiting and gloating over his prize. But perhaps Hood's most astounding verdict on his able commander-in-chief is that he was merely "a froward child," and to be treated as such. Now Rodney was not in all respects an amiable character, and at times, in 1781-2, he was gout-ridden and slow to move; but to charge him with imbecility is so absurd that the accusation defeats itself.

Hood appears to much better advantage when he is cut loose from his superiors and acting on his own responsibility. He invariably took the bold course, and was always spoiling for a fight. The most distressing parts of his letters are those which show him striving and failing to goad the timid Graves into making a resolute effort to save Cornwallis and the army in Virginia by fighting De Grasse at all hazards in September 1781. "It was a most heartbreaking business," writes Hood, "as I shall ever think his Lordship ought to have been succoured or brought off previous to the return of the French fleet to the Chesapeake, which Mr. Graves had it in his power to effect at his pleasure." Graves and Hood had nineteen ships only to the Frenchman's twenty-four; but the enemy came out from under Cape Henry in such straggling and scattered order that his van might have been smashed up by a resolute attack long before his rear could reach the battle-spot. But Graves, partly awed by the superior numbers opposed to him, and partly harping on the wretched old doctrine that a fleet must always engage in regular line parallel with the enemy, refused to let his centre and rear join his van in falling on the French advanced ships. He saved his order of battle and lost the chance of crushing the enemy. Hood saw, as Nelson did at a later day, that the true tactics in a naval engagement, as in a land engagement, are the concentration of superior forces on some point of the enemy's line, not the preservation of regular formations. He might have felt some sympathy for once with Rodney, if he had been able to read his chief's angry comments on Graves's despatch, a passage well worth quoting, as showing that he, too, had the true appreciation of the proper course to take:—

"Mr. Graves's mode of fighting I will never follow. He tells me that his line did not extend so far as his enemy's rear. I should have been sorry if it had, for so they would have brought their whole twenty-four ships against the English nineteen. Whereas by watching his opportunity Mr. Graves might have brought his nineteen against fourteen or fifteen as the enemy extended his van, and by a close fight have disabled them before they could have received succour from the remainder, and in all probability gained a complete victory."

There is no doubting, when Hood and Rodney coincide in opinion, that they were both right. How incalculably important a victory on 5 September, 1781, would have been, it is easy to see. Had Graves not slavishly adhered to routine and refused to commit himself to a decisive fight, De Grasse would have been beaten. Had De Grasse been beaten, Rochambeau and Washington would have failed before Yorktown, and Cornwallis would have maintained his position in Virginia, and perhaps have saved the Southern States to the English Crown. But the old doctrine of the

"parallel order" was the fetish to which Graves bowed, and when he refused to launch his whole fleet against the French van, the last chance of the survival of British supremacy in North America faded away.

AMERICAN THEOLOGY.

"The Invocation of Saints." By Dr. H. R. Percival. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1896.

"History of Christian Doctrine." By Professor G. P. Fisher. London: T. & T. Clark. (International Theological Library.) 1896.

WE have rather learnt to associate America with a somewhat boisterous liberalism in theology, or, at best, with some scientific critical work in the field of exegesis, which has little direct devotional bearing. But in Dr. Percival's book we have work done on the lines and in the spirit of Newman in his Tractarian days. The very style of John Henry is present to the writer's mind, with no bad reproduction of that bold innocence and that innocent boldness which could do audacious things without startling the most nervous beholder. The object of Dr. Percival is to plead for, let us say, the Litany of Loretto, as a thing not contrary to the English Prayer Book, but harmless, and even useful, as a devotion; and he makes out a very good case, especially in his explanation of the XXII. Article, which is partly taken from Tract XC., and partly his own. But he seems to lay too much stress upon a rather fanciful distinction between practice and doctrine, which he would divide off most sharply from one another. Now this sharp division, which distinguishes less than it separates, can hardly be maintained seriously. There is always a doctrine implicit in practice, and before doctrines are defined they exist implicitly, and are evidenced by practices. If Dr. Percival had not made this sharp severance he would have been able to bring forward another view of the Invocation of Saints, which is not absent from, but hardly prominent enough in, his book. That view is the doctrine that we cannot divide, even in mind, the head from the mystical body. To catch hold of the foot or hand is to catch hold of the person whose foot or hand we clasp, and, by a similar process of reasoning, to invoke the help of those who live in Christ is to invoke the help of our Lord Himself. This division between practice and doctrine gives the book also a want of connected movement, and spoils it as a work of art. Not to be connected is to splutter. It is a pity this dead fly spoils the otherwise valuable pot.

Professor Fisher tries to compress into a cram-book a history of the whole Christian movement on its doctrinal side, which is a mighty endeavour, boldly undertaken, industriously attempted, and not without its merit and use, for annals have their use; but we can hardly expect to find any reason given us why one age should be rent with battles about Arianism and another hotly debate Original Sin, (Sacramental Grace, Ecumenical or Papal Jurisdiction, Predestination and Indeterminism. He is content to jot down the facts as shortly and fairly as he can. After spinning through the centuries at a railway speed, we seem to be nearing a terminus in America, and we go very slowly. St. Bernard has a page, Butler a paragraph, but Jonathan Edwards—we dwell long upon him and his pupils, and we have a host of weighty and superb thinkers, such as Palfrey, Clap, Stiles, Hodge, and all their companies, whose greatness is thrust upon us. When we come to England again, we have Tait's nasty calumnies about Newman dished up again, Maurice reckoned among the flaccid Broad Church partisans, and an obolus of that great and brilliant man to an intolerable deal of McLeod Campbell and his suburban disciples. Perhaps the Professor is at his weakest when he gets to Matthew Arnold, whom he takes to be an exponent of Christian doctrine, for apparently any one who admires Our Lord comes under this heading. It goes to one's heart to see that exquisite writer gored in a heavy professorial charge. It was too bad of Mr. Hutton to have told the Professor that we take Matthew Arnold as one of our religious leaders, and that we worship the copy-book heading he playfully proposed for our reverence. In fact, all writers of this century, whether English or

German, are very meanly handled by the Professor. He should be carefully watched, and the moment he strays into the nineteenth century caught and muzzled. The Synod of Dort or the Council of Trent may be happy places for him, but he must be kept out of Clapham and Leipsic and Exeter Hall, and Canon Gore's house at Westminster, or he becomes intolerable. When he talks about St. Gregory of Nyssa we can believe and rejoice; when he sketches the theology of the epoch-making Henry B. Smith, we can believe and tremble; but when he begins on Bengel or Möhler his audience had best make a dash for the door. There can be too much of the good Professor Fisher and his prolixities; therefore let his admirers present him with an illuminated address and a sand-glass; and only take him in limited doses.

TWO HISTORY BOOKS.

"The Age of the Condottieri, 1409-1530." By Oscar Browning, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Methuen & Co. 1896.

"Louis XIV." [Heroes of Nations series.] By Arthur Hassall, Student of Ch. Ch., Oxford. London and New York: Putnam & Sons. 1896.

THE Modern History Schools of the two elder Universities are still continuing to pour forth upon the world a steady stream of books of the 300-page style, too large for essays and too small to be taken for serious contributions to historical research. They are intended, we suppose, for the omnivorous general public which wants to know something (but not too much) of all the more interesting epochs and personages in the story of the world. We could wish that some of the writers of these manuals would venture to defy their publishers and produce larger and more original work: on certain others we can only hope that no such inspiration will descend. A scrappy and inaccurate single volume is a passing evil; drawn out into three it becomes a permanent incubus to our library—for there are few of us who have the courage to throw away books of the larger and longer sort.

The two little works which now lie before us are the one a rather bad and the other a rather good specimen of their class. Mr. Oscar Browning's "Age of the Condottieri" represents, no doubt, a good deal of reading and contains some useful matter, but is hopelessly lacking in shape and finish, and teems with small inaccuracies and careless slips. Mr. Hassall's Louis XIV. is sometimes lacking in proportion, and sinks occasionally into colloquialisms and slipshod English, but it is on the whole a workmanlike production, carried through with a clear method and purpose, and brought up to the level of the latest research.

We scarcely discern any justification for Mr. Browning's book; at the best it can only serve as a kind of epitome of Symonds's "Renaissance" and Bishop Creighton's "History of the Papacy." Italian history during the fifteenth century is so complex, it contains so many separate threads interwoven in what seems hopeless confusion, that it is an ungrateful task to endeavour to reduce it to a short 300-page analysis. Where the author has no room to give the picturesque details which lend interest to the story of the Italian States in the later middle ages, his book tends to become a mere rapid procession of personages, none of whom stop long enough on the stage for their true features and proportions to be discerned. We had thought that Sismondi's shorter history of the Italian Republics was the most puzzling and inconsequent book that we could conceive; but Mr. Oscar Browning's runs it close. To begin with—why should the fifteenth century more than the fourteenth be styled the "age of the Condottieri"? Were the times of Alberigo da Barbiano and John Hawkwood less worthy of that name than those of Carmagnola and Colleone? Such a title seems to imply that the book is intended to draw Italian history with the Condottieri as its makers or main features; but no such attempt is made: the great captains of adventurers are always flitting before our eyes, but they do not fix our attention more than any other feature of the times. Indeed, we find in the book no general discussion of their character and im-

portance—of their strategy and tactics—of the methods in which they raised and drilled their armies, of the way in which they looked upon their employers or their employers on them. The reader who turns to the heading *Condottieri* in the Index will find five or six references, but on verifying them will discover that one and all relate to definite acts of particular condottieri, not to the character and principles of the class. A want of general discussions is, indeed, Mr. Browning's great weakness; he is far too chronological and annalistic to give much attention to tendencies and slow processes of change.

But, in spite of these faults, an accurate and careful analysis of Italian history between 1409 and 1530 might be valuable. Unfortunately Mr. Browning is anything rather than accurate. A few examples will suffice. We do not propose to dwell on errors that may be due to the printer, such as the statement that Charles V. had a brother Frederic (p. 253), or that certain proceedings took place in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore (p. 218), or that Francis I. had a general called La Pelise (La Palice). The points that are really distressing are those which imply fundamental misconceptions of important pieces of history. Such are, for example, the allegation that Sigismund of Luxemburg was King of Bohemia while his brother Wenzel was still alive, and that he chose Constance for the seat of the great Council, "because it was neither Italian nor German ground." If Constance was not in Germany, where was it, and where is it to-day? Equally astonishing is the line on p. 96, which states that the Mohamedan landholders of Bosnia "offered the keenest assistance to the occupation of Bosnia by the Austrians." They were, of course, its most bitter opponents. On the next page we read that "the duchy of Athens, once the heritage of the Briennes, was now in the hands of the Acciaiuoli . . . since 1295 they had owed allegiance to the Turk." Now the Acciaiuoli only got to Athens in 1325, the Briennes having lasted till 1310, and in 1295 no Turk had yet set a foot in Europe or won the homage of any Christian feudatory. A similar wholesale bundle of errors may be seen in the statement on p. 91 that in 1452 the Ottoman Turks occupied the whole of Roumania, Serbia, and Bulgaria, with the exception of the three-fingered peninsula of Chalcidica (*sic*). "The Dobrudska (*sic*) then as now formed part of Roumania. Thessaly was a kingdom." At that time Roumania—i.e. the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia—were *not* occupied by the Turks; Serbia was tributary, but not occupied; the Dobrudscha was Bulgarian, not Roumanian; Thessaly had ceased to be a kingdom since 1397. Can Mr. Browning possibly mean Roumelia when he writes Roumania? On p. 92 "Ragosa" (*i.e.* Ragusa) is called an island. On p. 4 a Florentine Bulia is described as "a kind of caucus"—which is hopelessly vague and inaccurate. Rovigo, not Roveredo, was in Venetian hands at the end of the fifteenth century (p. 8). Will any scholar construe for us the extraordinary blundered epitaph of Hadrian VI. on p. 219?—"Quantum refert in quod tempora vel optimi cujusque in virtus incidat." We had always supposed that the line ran—"Quantum refert in quæ tempora vel optimi cujusque virtus incidat." Can any one tell us what districts in the year 1424 constituted "the Italian provinces of Switzerland" (p. 24)?

But enough of these slips. Let us turn to the more pleasant half of our task, the notice of Mr. Hassall's short Life of Louis XIV. This, as we have already stated, is an accurate and well-designed piece of work, constructed from the latest French and German authorities. It is useful to English readers because no Life of King Louis, small or great, has been published on this side of the Channel for more than a generation. It is well illustrated with portraits, and has at the head of each chapter a medal from the splendid series commemorating the events of the day which issued from the French mint all through the seventeenth century.

Mr. Hassall has chosen to deal with Louis as king far more than with Louis as man. He refuses to go into the details of Court intrigues and amours which generally fill so much space in the story of his life, remarking that they seldom had much influence on his government and policy. The main thesis of the book is the development of Louis' ambitions, from the day

when he merely sought to win a strong frontier against Spain to the day when he aspired to be tyrant of all Europe. On the whole, Mr. Hassall finds more to admire in the Grand Monarque than modern writers have been willing to concede. He claims that the usual statement that Louis "made the French Revolution inevitable" is only a half truth. For he received over France from the hands of Mazarin in a condition which rendered a relapse into anarchy just as probable as an advance in bureaucratic autocracy. The work of Richelieu was not finished, and a weak king might easily have let all slip. Louis was not weak, and worked out the great Cardinal's designs to a completeness which made all Frondes and rebellions of nobles or Huguenots impossible. Hence Mr. Hassall argues that—

"Even allowing that it is strictly historical to say that Louis made the Revolution inevitable, it remains none the less true that the blame, such as it is, must be shared by the people with the King. The French nation made Louis, and Louis was the epitome of the French nation. It is easy to sympathize with the criticisms of German writers who cannot forgive the devastation of the Palatinate or the seizure of Strasburg. But it is particularly ungracious, ungrateful, and unhistorical for French writers well acquainted with the history of their own country to allow themselves to be carried away by feeble Republican predilections, and to pour virulent abuse upon the most brilliant period of their history, and on their most hardworking, painstaking, and, on the whole, successful ruler."

The main faults of what is in most points an excellent summary of the reign is a tendency to small repetitions in style, and occasional signs of hasty writing, e.g. such ungrammatical sentences as (p. 11) "The *Parlement* of Paris was that corporation of lawyers, that body of hereditary magistrates, which had bought or inherited judicial places, and which aspired to take the place of the States-General." The book is laudably free from misprints—we have hardly noted a single one.

PARDONABLE BIOGRAPHIES.

- "A Scholar of a Past Generation. Professor Lee by his Daughter." London: Seeley & Co. 1896.
 "Henry Callaway, M.D., D.D., first Bishop of Kaffraria." By Marian S. Benham. Edited by Canon Benham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

DR. LEE'S modest little memoir is a delightful change, after the fat and ponderous biographies of bishops and philanthropists under which the book-sellers have long been groaning. There is a flavour of fine old crusted scholarship about the man, and a pious, unreformed, unrestored non-modernity about the unvarnished tale of his long laborious days. He was, thou ignorant and ungrateful reader, a celebrated Cambridge Hebrew Professor, who could think in Arabic, Persian, Maori, Malay, or any Eastern tongue. He was, moreover, a country clergyman, a Canon of Bristol, and a very peppery anti-Puseyite, who poured contempt upon fasting and confessing, and raked the Tractarians with fiery pamphlets. He also hated and feared the higher critic, and cursed the Germans in languages more guttural than their own. Yet Dr. Lee would go to battle, and also return from battle, with a happy maliceless good humour; having unhorsed St. George from his patron saintship, or having proved a critic to be a traitor with a tail, he would cease from his displeasure, lunch at St. George's, and make merry with the caudal critic. Decidedly Dr. Lee's memoir should have been written. It makes one fancy oneself in a green-baize pew, surrounded by yokels in clean smocks, listening to a Divinity lecture read by a gentleman in bands and a pudding-sleeve gown, in a whitewashed church where there are hatchments over the table, and owls in the belfry, and where shortly the band of four will play a metrical psalm with great deliberation. It is good for the mind to unbend a little over these quiet scenes, after the more serious labours of reforming and abuse-hunting.

Dr. Callaway's memoir is also a fair venture; for Kaffrarians of after ages will like to picture their native clime ere all men were baptized and breeched, when

the rude forefathers squatted on the floor, ate with a chip out of the pot, wore two short skin aprons, lived in beehive huts and asked for magnets, strong potations and pieces of the sun. Moreover, Dr. Callaway was at Maritzburg in the thick of the Colenso broils, when that active "man of Natal, who had a Zulu for his pal," was creating a consternation akin to light-headedness in clerical circles. Callaway kept his head and his temper, as a converted Quaker and a doctor of medicine would be likely to do. Then it was no small thing to be the bishop of a people of whom it is announced with triumph that at last one Kaffir has learnt long division. Even to wear gaiters and be liable to Pan-Anglican synods loses its glory if one has to live in a hut, swim leech-filled rivers, have one's church-pews requisitioned for laagers, be whirled about by hurricanes in one's night shirt, and tread paths sometimes all mud and sometimes all water. Moreover, the manners and habits of the blacks were such as to age and enfeeble the good gentleman. He could bear no longer to lay a confirming hand upon their woolly pates, nor support the buffets of their misfortune. Hence, alas! he gave up and died in his native Devonshire, which plainly spoils the whole story. It is a pity that we cannot have everything in a man; and that an active, bustling, physicking, sensible pioneer cannot also have some echoes of deeper poetry about him, which would have made both his doggerel hymns and his dereliction of duty equally impossible to him. But if he did leave his dusky sheep in the wilderness, he was nevertheless a fine fellow, this pill-rolling ecclesiastic. Since a memoir was a necessity for any one in that pioneer position, it is a good thing that we should be able to feel that the Bishop who filled the place was also a good and honourable man, although, if it comes to theology, he knew about as little of it as any bishop could know, and that is saying a good deal, when one comes to look around.

JUST MISSED!

"A Short Study of Ethics." By Charles F. D'Arcy, B.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

THERE is still room for a popular book upon ethics. But it must be written by a man who has mastered the two best English books on the subject—T. H. Green's "Prolegomena" and Mr. F. H. Bradley's "Ethical Studies"—and in addition to this mastery he must have a gift of style, which Green never had, and he must be able to state his case not only in the language of philosophy but also in theological terms, because our people are touchy and impatient when they meet with technically philosophic words; but they are fully persuaded that theological terms do mean something, even if they do not know what they mean.

Mr. D'Arcy's book at the first glance seems to fulfil all these requirements. He is an avowed student and admirer of Green; he has a decided gift of style and the grace of full stops; he passes easily into theological equivalents; he has avoided that over-sharp preciseness which probably caused Mr. Bradley to withdraw his most valuable "Studies" from circulation, to the great regret of all sane students. But, alas! Mr. D'Arcy, who almost designed the most needful handbook of ethical studies, and who might have done so, has just missed the mark and the prize. He has fallen through pride and vanity. Because he has read somewhat, and has the glib art of style, he must needs aspire to some chair of his own; he must correct Green and clip the master's conclusions, some of which appear to conflict with our social order and disorder, and others are vexatious to the sleeker Churchmen. Mr. D'Arcy will not be a disciple and interpreter only, and therefore he fails when he should have succeeded, and succeeded brilliantly. Yet his book has much that is valuable in it. His note (p. 60) upon the proofs for the existence of God is good; his chapter (ii. 8) upon conscience is admirable, and he has put the case against Hedonism (iii. 3) with more than customary point. But in his fifth chapter Mr. D'Arcy begins to go astray. It annoys him that Hegel and Green should not look upon the self as "the ultimate concrete unit of the cosmos of experience," and

say with Mr. D'Arcy, that "self is for every man unique and ultimate." He cannot accept a method which distinguishes without dividing. "In strict logic" he declares he can go no further than "the unity of the self, the impenetrable basis of all explanation"; but he proposes to escape from his small ring fences by the antique device of a *Deus ex machina*, who shall transport us over chasms "which thought cannot bridge." It is not amiss to cast a sentence of Green into the scales against Mr. D'Arcy's timid individualism. "The foundation of morality, then, in the reason or self-objectifying consciousness of man, is the same thing as its foundation in the institutions of a common life—in these as directed to a common good, and so directed not mechanically, but with consciousness of the good on the part of those subject to the institutions. Such institutions are, so to speak, the form and body of reason, as practical in men." With this weighty sentence Mr. D'Arcy now agrees and now quarrels. He agrees with it when he adopts the Kantian view of Law, he agrees with it on p. 100, but half a dozen pages back he rashly asserts that "self-realization must be for every man peculiar and unique." Even when he does agree, he claps a saving or rather a sinking clause into his admissions, and thinks that the end may be aimed at "without even the conscious seeking of a common good." Having adopted a wrong view as to the relation of abstract and concrete, of God and man, of society and the individual, Mr. D'Arcy is not bold to press his credulities. He does not like gambling or suicide, for instance, though there is next to no reason against either on his own showing; but he dare not uphold gambling, and to condemn it "would condemn nearly all commercial undertakings" (p. 133, note). He thinks that "the extraordinary stress of modern social conditions has raised it [the virtue of Perseverance] to a position of first-rate importance," and generally he is so anxious not to appear socially audacious that he becomes feebly vacillating. Finally he ends in a haze and in despair of formal ethic, and, like the Athanasian Creed, he promises blessings and bannings not upon the virtue which is knowledge, nor upon that which is a habit of choice, but upon that which is action and in action. After confusing himself about faith, which in this case means the relation of concrete and universal, he leaves us with a paean upon works. Green and Plato fondly imagined that the true function of ethics was to form an adequate ideal of virtue. But Mr. D'Arcy will have none of such quiet and spiritual aims, he is all for an active correspondence with the not-self, although if self is ultimate there is no particular reason forthcoming why it should take the slightest notice of the not-self, or why these should be on bowing terms one with another.

It is a great pity that Mr. D'Arcy has just missed writing a really useful book, and left the humble rôle of showman in order to indulge in a little free prophesying upon the ego on his own account. He has a good will and virtuous habits, but to make a successful student of ethics one requires also knowledge, and above all things a knowledge that spirits are not mutually exclusive. Therefore Mr. D'Arcy's book is not to be read save by reviewers whose business it is to warn the public against reading useless literature, and to teach—but not by example.

THREE CLASSICAL BOOKS.

"On the Structure of Greek Tribal Society." An Essay. By Hugh E. Seebohm. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

"The Early Meaning and the Developments of the Middle Voice. Being the First of a Series of Essays in Comparative Grammar and Historical Grammar." By Eustace H. Miles, late Scholar of King's College, Cambridge. Macmillan & Bowes. 1896.

"Archæologia Oxoniensis." Part VI. With 2 Plates, &c. Henry Frowde. 1896.

IT would be impossible, except at considerable length, to do justice to the "brief notes" which Mr. Hugh E. Seebohm, the learned son of a learned father, has compiled on the tribal development of Greek civilization. What he has saved in space by the austere condensation

of his researches he has, perhaps, lost in lucidity. At many places it is necessary to read his paragraphs several times over before one can feel sure that the whole argument has been grasped, in spite of the useful running syllabus printed on the margin of each page. Mr. Seebohm has set himself to show that Greek society was not an isolated growth, but "must be given a place in the general development of the systems of Europe." An initial difficulty—though it gives the theorist a larger licence in the selection of confirmatory phenomena—is that the Greeks were not one great people like the Israelites. Their movements, as he points out in his introductory chapters, were erratic and various, and occurred at widely separated dates. Nevertheless, there remained, even in historical times, pastoral and quasi-pastoral customs which survived, "sometimes incongruously," into the period of urban life. The obligations of a son towards his father (derived from the practice of ancestor-worship), the necessity of providing male succession, which led to the institution of adoption, the liability for bloodshed, the rules which to a late period regulated the transmission of property in land—these, and other evidences pointing to the same conclusion, are illustrated with numerous references to our slowly but surely increasing data with regard to early Greek life, and with full citations from the speeches of Demosthenes, Isæus, and other forensic orators. There is, Mr. Seebohm admits, a certain gap in the record. Though he is able on many occasions to quote Homer for his purpose, he confesses at the outset that "the worship of ancestors or household gods as such" is not evident in the religious exercises described in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. But this, he says, is not a matter for surprise. "The Greek chieftains mentioned in the poems are so nearly descended from the gods themselves, are in such immediate relation each with his guardian deity, and are so indefatigable in their attentions thereto, that it would surely be extremely irrelevant if any of the libations or hecatombs were perverted to any intermediate, however heroic, ancestor from the all-powerful and ever-ready divinity who was often also himself the boasted founder of the family." In fact, it was the "aristocratic tone" of the poet which debarred him from alluding to intercourse with any deity, beside the one great family of Olympic gods, less venerable than a river or some other personification of a natural force. It must not be supposed that domestic religious observances were on that account post-Homeric. They were ignored by the poet as being as much beneath the dignity of epic notice as "the swarms of common tribesmen who shriek and shudder in the background of the poems." We give the explanation for what it is worth. It is, perhaps, more rhetorical than scientific. We prefer the not inconsistent theory, mentioned at the close of the volume, but imperfectly developed, that the Homeric poems describe the manners and customs of the great period of Achæan civilization which preceded the Dorian invasion, and that the household ceremonies of ancestor-worship which filled so large a place in the life of the Athenian citizen were derived from the long-cherished customs of the ancient Ionian or Pelasgian inhabitants of Greece. These stocks had formed "the substratum of society" under Achæan rule, but only came into prominence on the removal of their superiors at the time of the Dorian invasion. We must not part company with Mr. Seebohm's laborious, interesting, and suggestive treatise without calling attention to the frequent parallels he draws between ancient Greek institutions and those preserved in the "Ordinances of Manu." But the brunt of illustration has been borne by Wales because, as he says very truly, his father's work on the customs of that country affords a "peculiarly vivid glimpse into the inner organization of a tribal people." Frequent reference is, of course, made to the Old Testament, but no comparison is attempted with the origins of Roman civilization. They are to be made the subject, we are glad to learn, of special treatment, and will be discussed in a separate volume.

The first feeling of the reader of Mr. Miles's treatise is irritation at the writer's verbosity and self-assertion. What he has to say—we are glad to admit that he has something—is smothered in a mass of not particularly lucid sentences, while the eye is fidgeted and the mind

distracted by the profuse employment of unwarranted italics and other devices more appropriate to a bill-sticker than a scholar. Mr. Miles has adopted the manner of an excitable schoolmaster, and tries to get attention by repeating himself and shouting at the top of his voice. We trust that his next essay will be handed over to a judicious friend who will cut out the iterations, and insist on the use of a uniform type. His main thesis as set out in the Preface is somewhat anarchistic. It is to the effect that the rules as to the present meanings of certain classical constructions are often laid down as if they were absolutely beyond dispute. But, he goes on, "if a humble and docile believer in these Grammars were to translate his classics in accordance with such 'rules,' he would often and often have to give a translation at variance with our standard translations of the classics." This point he illustrates by the case of the Optative mood, and defies his readers to translate or paraphrase all the Optative uses of a Greek author in accordance with the "rule" that "the Optative is sharply contrasted with the Indicative; it makes an assertion of what is a mere subjective conception in the speaker's mind, whereas the Indicative expresses objective realities." Mr. Miles is, no doubt, safe in his challenge with regard to this and many other instances. But he makes too much of his triumphant appeal to Butcher and Lang, to Jebb and Whitelaw, to Davies and Vaughan, and other scholars whom he selects as authorities in translation. He ignores the fact that the scarcity of inflectional forms in English makes it impossible to render those which exist in the Greek text without giving more prominence to the *nuance* or the implication than to the main statement. He is, therefore, quite without justification in saying that "a grammarian may, generally speaking, safely take our standard English translations as his criterion of what the present meaning of a classical construction is." As a matter of fact, even Mr. Jebb, with his rare knack of combining grammatical accuracy with literary force, can but give us the nearest tolerable version of what his author actually meant and wrote. That is why the most scholarly translations are only appreciated by those who are themselves scholars and who have the original before their eyes or in their minds—they can then read into the English what has been left out from the Greek. The popular version is one which boldly disregards the niceties of the original language. In spite, however, of the extent to which Mr. Miles exaggerates what, within its proper limits, would be a suggestive and sagacious observation, a good many scholars who, like him, have acquired the art of thinking for themselves will sympathize with his brusque rejection of the tradition that below all the varied usages of the Middle Voice there lies some fundamental idea of Action upon or for Self. It is only by torturing words and twisting thoughts that this transcendental unity can be maintained. Mr. Miles prefers to follow the inductive method, and to classify under seven apparently disconnected heads the existing usages of the Middle Voice—Transitive, Causal, Intransitive, Reflexive, Reciprocal, Passive, Action for Self, and Miscellaneous, or—as he calls them—Differentiated and Specialized. The distinction between these classes is not always easy to understand, but Mr. Miles does not pretend that they are mutually exclusive. We cannot follow him into a detailed discussion of the arguments by which he explains his views, but, in spite of the not incurable faults of style to which we have already called attention, we may fairly recommend his pamphlet as a useful corrective of the *a priori* method of treating linguistic developments. Frankly, we do not think that he derives much practical advantage from his frequent references to the syntax of other languages, and to the "constructions of Babus and 'Niggers,' of Chinese, Akkadian, &c." His allusions to Golf and Natural History, for which he claims especial notice, are evidently not intended to be flippant, so we must reluctantly infer that they are simply silly.

We are glad to welcome, as an indication of the widening range of Oxford scholarship, the sixth issue of an archaeological publication which, it is to be hoped, may now be regarded as established in a modest way. The present number leads off with a learned but anonymous contribution on the discovery of Phœnician characters, some years ago, in Rejang, in the south of

Sumatra. Both in Java and Sumatra there are, we are reminded, traditions of ships arriving at different points from the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf—from the former when ships still coasted round the Bay of Bengal; from the latter in the time of Alexander, who "built a bridge in the sea," which "may mean that ships commanded by some of his officers arrived from Ceylon and the south coast of India." It is also related that one of his descendants became king of Palinbang. Whatever may be the value of such traditions—which at least are not inconsistent with history—the writer is certainly entitled to say that these Phœnician characters must have reached Sumatra by sea, and that "the alterations in their values would be due to native Malay influence." An article on the "three shrines of St. Frideswide," though valuable in itself, appeals chiefly to local antiquaries. But the Bodleian Library, which falls to another writer, is as much a national possession as the British Museum, and anything which relates to it is important to every man of letters. Extracts are given from the letters of Sir Thomas Bodley which show how personal an interest he took in the building, and the worry caused him by scamping artisans. It is quite a mistake to imagine that jerry-building is a nineteenth-century invention. Writing on 22 March, 1611, he expresses his hope that good wages will buy good work. "You have rightly conceived of my disposition, for it doth me good to hear of any man's approbation of the amendment of my building; and, above many others, Sir Henry Savile's is to me as the judgment of a mason. If my workmen would consider the due payment that I make, methinks they would, or should, endeavour to yield me good content." He had been, like other men in the same position, disappointed as to the date at which the task was to be completed. On Christmas Eve of the year before he had expressed his confidence that in another fortnight he would have ended with his "carpenters, joiners, carvers, glaziers, and all that idle rabble." The remainder of this number is occupied with brief records of antiquarian discoveries, and the proceedings of the Oxfordshire Archaeological Society, a summary of some articles in the "Archæological Magazine," and a descriptive account of recent additions to the Ashmolean Museum. Not least useful, though it occupies a small space, is the list of books relating to archaeology which have been added to the Bodleian Library.

INFORMATION IN WAR.

"Information in War: its Acquisition and Transmission." By Colonel George Armand Furse, C.B. London: William Clowes & Sons, Limited. 1896.

COLONEL FURSE has given us a book in which there are no blunders to find fault with, and with the principles of which every one will agree. What, however, we rather complain of is a sort of pompous pedantry which has swelled matter which might easily have been contained in a pamphlet to the size of a pretentious volume. That information in war is valuable to generals is a fact which we should have imagined was about as obvious as that a knowledge of his case is essential to a lawyer, and it would have been unnecessary, we should have also imagined, to marshal facts and call evidence to prove it. If you want to strike your enemy, you must know first of all where and how to look for him, just as when you go deerstalking you must know something of woodcraft and find your stag ere you can hope to get a shot. Yet we are gravely warned that "of the two the commander who is better informed has always an immense pull over the other; he has a certitude in the efficiency of the measures he takes, whilst his adversary more or less acts at random." Or, again: "In war we are always in a state of uncertainty; we can never thoroughly forecast the result of our measures." Is this in any case true only of war? Can even the most cocksure of us "thoroughly forecast the result" of our actions in any walk of life, or is it not rather the case that diplomatists, doctors, merchants, and politicians are all often burdened with nervous misgivings as to how things will turn out? Then again: "To deceive

the adversary is one of the usages of war, and one to which expert commanders have never disdained to resort. This is done by spreading false information," &c. &c., in the same vein. All equally true, all equally the most inane platitudes, most sonorously enunciated, as though there had never been an old mother's proverb as to all being fair in love and war. Some thirty pages are devoted to prosy generalities such as these, then we are taken a little more behind the scenes, and allowed to see how the great general staffs on the Continent are at work sifting and preparing information with regard to foreign countries and possible campaigns. Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, however, has told us a great deal of this already, and the late General Brackenbury and his able brother Sir Henry have also taught us long ere this to admire and sigh for a machinery alike so powerful and so easily set in motion. That in this respect they do things in Germany better than we do, no one who has read what has before been written and said on the subject, nor what Colonel Furse now tells us, will deny. With us staff officers too often develop into bureaucrats, the trail of officialdom and routine is over almost all of them, and the same men are, or have been, largely allowed to roll on in the same groove, losing in plain clothes in London the knowledge of the men they may have acquired with their regiments. Nor should an officer be posted to the Intelligence branch simply because he passed well at the Staff College. Colonel Furse considers that "The officers best qualified for the Intelligence Service are those who possess a deep knowledge of human nature, which is the result of much reflection, who are very observant, who are gifted with a retentive memory, &c.," and we most cordially agree with him. "The sharp man of action, who can grasp quickly the truth, and loses no time in letting his report reach its destination, is the best officer for this kind of duty." Again, nothing can be truer than this: "Purely office work is injurious to all true military spirit, and to that intimate relation which should exist between the officers and the soldiers. For this reason it is held that every period of staff service should be invariably followed by a period of regimental duty." When our author talks like this he shows himself anything but prosy or pedantic, but, on the contrary, betrays a knowledge of the army, and of where its best interests lie, such as is not always evinced by those who write on military matters. And even when with us such truths are grasped, they are often disregarded by the very men who know their value best. Our own Adjutant-General is credited with a strong sense of the excellence of a system such as our author advocates; yet the claims of interest are often apparently so overpowering that rules are still made only to be broken. Colonel Furse, a little further on, tells that "officers who are trained for the staff, no doubt, in their two years at the Staff College, receive a certain instruction on the matter of information. . . . In point of fact, the lessons acquired at the Staff College can only be looked upon as the beginning of a serious military education." That is undoubtedly so, and to imagine anything else is most irrational. Two years at a college will only start a man on his way; if he do not continue to study, he will have forgotten most of what he learnt ere many years are over, and in all probability the little he does still remember will be obsolete.

What is said as to the education of the soldier is even more valuable than the views as to that of the officer. In our service what is termed "smartness" is carried to an altogether ludicrous extent. The galloping and capering about that goes on at an English field-day is, no doubt, impressive to the ladies and children in the carriages, but from a professional point of view is absolutely childish. Officers and men galloping *ventre à terre* hither and thither to report what other people can see for themselves is most distinctly reprehensible. The leading principle in scouting is to conceal oneself, and to watch without being seen. You should not, therefore, gallop off with your back to the enemy in hot haste. You should rather move cautiously, watching him as you go as far as may be, and you should spare your horse for an occasion when his powers may have to be called forth in earnest. There

is much sound, practical good sense in what Colonel Furse says on this head, and we trust his opinion will not be overlooked by any general officers who may pick up this work. But it seems to us he would have done better had he aimed more at brevity, and we might well dispense with half he has written for the sake of the remaining excellent pages.

FICTION.

"The Herons." By Helen Shipton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

THE writer of this story has many of the best qualities of a novelist. She has read the best literature, and has escaped the infection of the bad, if, indeed, she has exposed herself to it at all. The readers of Marie Corelli and "Iota" will constantly be offended by what must seem to them to be violations of well-known rules of grammar. "A young man who he thought was his brother" will shock them nearly as much as "one of my reasons is selfish." Then we look in vain for those delightful cullings from the French tongue which adorn our modern novels, such as "soubriquet," "à l'outrance," "bête noir." Helen Shipton expresses herself mainly in English, probably because, with daring originality, she has set herself to acquire a knowledge of the structure of that language before setting up as a novelist. Not only has she a fine style, but a keen eye for external nature, and a power of analysing character which never becomes wearisome. The chivalrous old-world courtesy of the Herons—the father and his son Cosmo—is never overdone, and Edmund Heron, the bad character of the book (for villain would be an inappropriate term), is an original and profound study. His sweet reasonableness would have imposed on us all, as it deceived his brother Cosmo and his friend Geoffrey Pierce. Yet it is a subtle perception in the author (pardon us, Marie Corelli, Ouida, "Iota," *author* is really feminine) to make his sister-in-law Althea see through his well-assumed candour. The final evolution of Edmund's character is admirably conceived, and (rightly viewed) is thoroughly consistent. The book has in it elements of true and high tragedy, and the *dénouement* is very striking. But, as it is not of the school of either Stanley Weyman or Grant Allen, we fear it will not now have much success or (we should rather say) a wide circle of readers.

"The Washer of the Ford." By Fiona Macleod. Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes. 1896.

"As the Shadow of a Great Rock." By Maria English. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1896.

"The Garden of the Matchboxes." By W. D. Scull. London: Elkin Mathews. 1896.

"The Washer of the Ford" is distinctly disappointing when we compare it with our memories of the author's other books. It has all the ecstatic incoherence of "The Mountain Lovers" and "The Sin-Eater," without their force and vividness—without, too, the depth of poetic feeling that struck the reader, when the diction was wildest, as being admirably spontaneous. In this latest book, the poetry of atmosphere has vanished, and a laboriously picturesque style, too often unmeaning, has taken its place. There are many striking bits of song with curiously faulty metres. We should be glad to know whether this is caused by over-literal translation from the Gaelic or by a slightly defective ear for rhythm on Miss Macleod's part. Perhaps the best song is in the weird tales called "The Three Wonders of Hy." One verse begins

"None knoweth a better thing than this,

The Sword, Love, Song, Honour, Sleep,"

and goes on with decided effect, but at too great a length for our quoting.

"As the Shadow of a Great Rock" is a gigantically inflated tract of some three hundred pages, and reads like a parody. There is a wicked brother Fred, who goes on the river on Sunday, and a good brother James, whose heart it nearly breaks. "What would our dear mother have said," demands James, "to her son's joining a party of thoughtless pleasure-seekers?" Fred has no satisfactory answer ready, and we are not surprised to find him doing very wrong things and

getting shipped off to India to repent, while James enters the Church and gets married. The poor little book is too well-meaning to laugh at with any pleasure. How it strayed into print is a mystery.

"The Garden of the Matchboxes" is a decidedly humorous little set of tales, with a cover as fantastic as the title. Two of them have appeared in "Black and White"; the others are new, and all are very readable.

"Mrs. Tregaskiss." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. London: Chatto & Windus. 1896.

"Theatricals." By the Author of "Miss Molly." Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1896.

"The Yorkshire Cousins." By Stephen Wyke. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1896.

There is that sameness about all Mrs. Campbell Praed's novels which is perhaps unavoidable in describing scenes where the background is invariable. Australian life, with incidental natives who remark "Budgery White Mary" at intervals, would seem to remain unchanged in the painting from the first picture of it to the fifty-first. The author is not, however, open to the reproach of writing books undistinguishable one from the other. She generally manages to introduce a novel and well-thought-out character or two and to slightly vary her method of developing them. The central figure in "Mrs. Tregaskiss" has an ancient rôle to play. "Mated with a clown," she comes across the man who could have made her happy, under circumstances of such desolation as to make her self-resistance heroic. A little resistance occasionally is not insipid for a change, after we have read patiently through the soulful justifications of some hundreds of interestingly subtle females, with the inevitable drear ending. The end of "Mrs. Tregaskiss" is drear enough; but it is refreshing to find her remaining with her husband and making the best of him. Where there is a "storm-tossed" married woman for a heroine a "nice" girl is generally provided as occasional relief. In this case the girl is particularly nice—and not namby-pamby either.

"Theatricals" and the stories bound up with it have a little cleverness about them that does not get a fair chance, swamped as it is by sentimentality of a particularly cloying kind. There is a class of writer who recognizes no existence in either man or woman apart from sex, and no common interest between the two beyond love-making. Work, sport, ambition, all go for nothing. The one serious business of life is philandering, authorized and the reverse. Even of this order the stories are not in the first rank. The finale is inconclusive, as a rule, and the general drift is too vague. Like the student who had just read "Paradise Lost" for the first time, we "don't see what it proves."

As for "The Yorkshire Cousins," words fail us to describe its infinite vacuity. It is a kind of grown-up "Sandford and Merton," with a less attractive Tommy, a more intolerable Harry, and a more tedious Mr. Barlow in the person of an appalling Mr. Kaufmann. This particular character has entire chapters devoted to soliloquy, under headings such as "Mr. Kaufmann on the sufferings of the world." One special chapter is attractively labelled "Mr. Kaufmann on planting trees, national wealth, indoor labour, shorter hours, and free trade." One of the "Yorkshire cousins" tries vainly to enliven the book with a little mild bigamy, and Mr. Kaufmann delivers an "Address to Young Men," which is given in full. In spite of all these seductions, the thing is hopeless: we cannot even allow that the book is redeemed by the audacity of its feebleness.

LAW MANUALS.

"A Digest of Anglo-Muhammadan Law." By Sir Roland Knyvet Wilson. London: W. Thacker & Co. 1896.

SIR ROLAND WILSON presents this "Digest" of Anglo-Muhammadan Law, together with his previously published "Introduction" to the same subject as the "chief literary result" of his fourteen years' tenure of the Readership of Indian Law at Cambridge University. As an Englishman who has only once casually visited India he can lay no claim to such authority on the subject as is possessed by learned native

writers or Anglo-Indian lawyers; but his special experience as a teacher of students seeking to qualify themselves for the judicial duties connected with the Civil Service of India has enabled him to put together with the utmost clearness and precision, in the form of a Code, "simply and solely what the British Government at the present time requires to be enforced as law for its Muhammadan subjects." The laws of general application occupy 491 out of the 593 paragraphs into which the Code is divided, the concluding 102 paragraphs being devoted to the peculiarities of such sects or schools as the Shafai school of the Sunnis, the Shias, and the Motzala. Even the general reader who wishes to know something of the family and social relations of our millions of Muhammadan fellow-subjects will have much to learn from this book, while for both English and native students it will be invaluable.

"The Principles of International Law." By T. J. Lawrence. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

Mr. Lawrence has nothing new to tell us about International Law, but he has certainly managed to put in an interesting and highly readable form the results of the labours of others. His book bears on its title-page the imprint of an English firm, but it has very obviously been printed in America, and the frequency of the allusions to United States history seems to denote that we have before us the substance of the lectures of the "University Extension Professor in the University of Chicago, U.S.A.," rather than those of the "lecturer in Downing College, Cambridge, England." Just at present, with half a dozen international disputes on hand, it will be convenient to have a popular treatise to which one can turn to find the facts and principles on which are based the Monroe Doctrine and the Mixed Tribunals in Egypt, to take an instance from each hemisphere. The laws of Contraband of War and Privateering, again, are two matters of which we should have to hear a good deal in case England were at war with a Great Power, and both are treated very fully by Mr. Lawrence. Professors of International Law and believers in the approaching reign of peace will, we fear, be shocked, but the conclusion to which we have been driven by a study of some of the later chapters of Mr. Lawrence's book is that, in matters about which nations really care, there is no such thing as International Law, and that as Prussia did in 1870 and France in her war with China in 1884, nations in the heat of struggle will modify its rules to suit their interests at the moment. *A la guerre comme à la guerre* will then once more be the motto.

SOME RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

"The Bible for Home Reading." By C. G. Montefiore. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

"Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simplified." By Philip Bold. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Ltd. 1896.

"Leaders of Thought in the English Church." By Archdeacon Sinclair. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1896.

"How the Devil was Made." By the Rev. Dennis Hird. London: Clement Wilson. 1896.

"Memoirs of President Barnard." By John Fulton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

MR. MONTEFIORE thinks that the little Israelites need the Bible (the Old Testament) not only Bowdlerized but criticized. He is the Maclear of the synagogue, and also would be its Scott and its Clodd. The result is that the book is, more properly, Mr. Montefiore for Home Reading. The Old Testament may have its drawbacks, but for its nude simplicity it is more advantageous to artificial modern people than when thus explained. The purpose of the story (of Abraham sacrificing Isaac) is "not merely to draw for us a vivid picture of Abraham's implicit faith in God, but to teach that the God of Israel, unlike the false gods of the surrounding nations and tribes, utterly rejects and forbids the sacrifice of man by man." From this it may be seen that this book is very, very edifying. All the hacking and hewing are left out, and the story of the peculiar people is at last fitted for the most delicate and refined financial families. Little Solomon's susceptibilities seem even more intense than those of his less highly organized Gentile brother: but this book will soothe them all.

Mr. Philip Bold has rather simply summed up than simplified the Roman Catholic religion, as held by a liberal-minded layman. He speaks to neophytes or to very sympathetic outsiders, but has no message at all for the impatient ordinary man, who has no history or theology to boast of, but who wants to know "what all this is about." The ritual explanations are more lucid than the doctrinal, and the fifty-first chapter, on the Mass, is particularly valuable; but as usual the method of teaching is topsy-turvy. Surely it would be more reasonable to proceed from the near, the visible, and the concrete to the world of doctrine and theology. If doctrine preceded ritual both in time and importance, we should instruct a *convert* from simple to difficult. Anyhow, this is a useful book, for friends and foes alike.

Archdeacon Sinclair's biographical studies are slight enough, and are put forward to advance the cause of a liberal Evangelicalism.

calism by decrying Laud, Newman, and Pusey, and exalting Waterland, Simeon, and Arnold and Tait. If one compares the Archdeacon's treatment, say of Newman, with the eulogies upon Protestants lately printed by sacerdotalists in *Goodwill*, then Dr. Sinclair's assaults seem ungracious enough. But why, O why, do not these Evangelical combatants take up a really strong position? Instead of eternally defending Cranmer and reminding us of Simeon, they should point out the great social services of the Clapham sect to mankind at large. It was the men of "vital religion," as they called it, who abolished slavery, changed our prisons, set up reformatories, were zealous for education, taught reading at Sunday schools, ragged schools and night schools, organized shoeblack brigades, and a host of other good things, many of them now impaired by time. It would be quite fair and much wiser for archdeacons of Protestant designs to parade the men and women who strove for mercy and justice in these things, and to ask what the gentlemen of the other side of the House have been doing while their opponents were so busy. What have the Tractarians done to compare to all this? Unfortunately, Dr. Sinclair does not take this bold line; he merely eulogizes his own friends indiscriminately and belittles other great men with a toothless and mumbling malevolence.

The Rev. Dennis Hird offers to show us for a shilling some of the old-fashioned sport of Bible-smashing, and to give us a little vulgar talk about evolution in the style of "The Universe is made up of Matter and Motion." His *pièce de résistance*, however, is to abolish the Devil, whom we need no longer believe in, because the Jews heard about him first in Babylon or somewhere else, or pictured him out from some stray *Atlantosaur*. "If Convocation would openly announce that there is no Devil, we should see such an intellectual awakening as the world has not witnessed since the Reformation." Let Convocation resist and he will not only flee but be annihilated, will, in fact, excede, evade, and erump. To it, my masters! In the last threepennyworth of Mr. Hird we are called upon to re-establish our (shattered) faith in the Old Testament, which is now discovered to have a Socialist basis; and our Lord is proved to belong to the same party, because he attacked (1) the official, and (2) the rich. But how a Socialist can attack "the official" as such, and how Socialism can exist without officials, Mr. Hird does not say. Perhaps he is thinking of anarchy, but it is impossible to tell, because he gets so very excited that he becomes incoherent.

The "Life of Dr. Barnard," the tenth president of Columbia College, is not without interest, especially in the beginning, where the New England country conventicle in the twenties is carefully drawn for us. But the book is far too long, and though Dr. Barnard did some good work for science and education in America, he had not that genius of character which makes a memoir welcome, however many cycles away the reader may be from the man commemorated.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Public Health in European Capitals." By Thomas Morrison Legge, M.A., M.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1896.

THIS little book should be in the hands of every London County Councillor and Vestryman, for it describes at first hand, from personal observation or from official reports, what has been done, and is being done, in the direction of sanitation in six European capitals. Each of the towns dealt with—Berlin, Paris, Brussels, Christiania, Stockholm, and Copenhagen—presents some point of special interest; but Berlin deservedly occupies the largest space, as being really by far the best practical proof of the influence of water supply and drainage on public health. The situation of Berlin is naturally most unfavourable, and the rapid growth of the city since it became the capital of Germany forced the subject on the attention of the municipality, with the result that from being one of the worst cities in Northern Europe, from a sanitary point of view, it has become one of the best. According to returns presented by a society with the terrible name of the "Centralstelle für Arbeiterwohlfahtseinrichtungen," the mortality among dwellers in cellars was reduced in the ten years 1875-1885 from 35.6 per thousand to 21.1. Again, the typhoid returns, which during the 'Seventies averaged 23.05 per thousand of the total deaths, fell to 7.13 in the 'Eighties, after the opening of the new water supply. On the whole, and in spite of Prince Bismarck's taunts, the professors and ideologues have done something for Germany.

"Strikes and Social Problems." By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc. London: A. & C. Black. 1896.

Professor Nicholson is hardly seen at his best in this miscellaneous collection of essays and newspaper articles, most of which have already appeared in print. Perhaps we are not far wrong in assuming that the real motive for bringing together such a collection from various sources was to provide a popular and attractive wrapper for the writer's address on "Political Economy and Journalism," a paper read before the Economic Association in 1894. In this address, which created

a little stir among the provincial newspapers at the time, Professor Nicholson upbraids the Press at large with discussing subjects it does not understand, and especially with deriding and misrepresenting Political Economy. Now that we have the indictment in its complete form we confess it puzzles us, for the specific offence charged is a too ready following of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin. Now, if there is one charge more than another to which the English Press of the 'Seventies and 'Eighties was open, it is its stolid adherence to the cut-and-dried formulæ of the economists and its lofty contempt for Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin as mere dreamers. If, quite latterly, some of the younger writers have gone to the other extreme, it is not to be wondered at. After all, the aim of the journalist is to be read, and if we were to follow Professor Nicholson's advice we fear that that is the last thing that would happen. For instance, an Opposition journalist, in discussing a Budget, should, says the Professor, show that such and such a tax "offends against four canons and twelve rules, and is condemned by whole chapters of experience." On the whole, we think it is better to stick to the old methods for the present.

"An Evil Motherhood." By Walt Ruding. London: Elkin Mathews. 1896.

Mr. Ruding does a good many things that are calculated to fluster a critic, and the presentiment that he would not care a straw if he knew that this was so only adds to the critic's perturbation. First, he calls his book "An Impressionist Novel," which is, as it were, a preliminary flout, right at the beginning, on the title-page. Then on the reverse side of the title-page he inscribes some lines from Alfred de Musset, and he frequently puts quotations at the head of his chapters. This passion for superscriptions is a kind of megalomania. The young author whose heart is in his work feels every now and again that the story on which he is engaged is somehow greater than he thought. There is no vanity in this, hardly any personal feeling at all, the visions of beauty are scarcely his own to be vain of. In this state of ecstasy he wants to explain, he wants to tell the whole world that he worships Balzac, he wants to thunder out a roll of great men for the mere pleasure of mentioning the names of his gods at this supreme moment, and, more than everything else, he catches with joy on to any quotation that tallies; and he cannot help setting the glamour of quotations upon what he feels ought to be so beautiful by encrusting his work with these jewels. One might well doubt of his talent if he never felt such ecstasies, and tremble for his lack of literary sentiment if he did not scribble the margins and blanks of his manuscript with great quotations. But he does not realize that these things from great authors, that meant so much to him while he was writing, mean very little to the man who coldly reads them in print. They may signify nothing to him, they may even irritate, they rarely serve any good purpose, and even the author's pleasure in their connexion with his work fades when the work is done with. Further, to continue the tale of stumbling-blocks, Mr. Ruding writes a preface, and says that perhaps few will understand his story, and throughout his book he scatters opinions about the principles of art. He also mentions "César Birotteau," and spells the surname with a double r and a single t. In another place he declares that in a certain particular he follows Maupassant (a slight flutter in the critic's breast), and quotes that author's dictum in a sudden importance of Gothic type: "Psychology should be concealed in the book, as it is in reality, under the facts of existence." The change in type does not strike one as Impressionist; it belongs rather to the time of Young's "Night Thoughts." However, the sentence is not a particularly good one, and is not worthy of any typographical distinctions. The critic may therefore comfort himself by remarking that he would have preferred Joubert's "The soul has no secret which conduct does not reveal," first because it is more *recherché*, not being by Maupassant; secondly, because it has no original and necessary connexion with the case in point—namely, the writing of fiction—and therefore is more of a find, more of a literary grace; and, thirdly, because it is a real, proper, quotable, elegant, simple, imposing, self-evident, philistine aphorism. This occasion for the display of the critic's egoism is, of course, grateful; still there are many things that put him in a flutter, and he wonders whether there is anything at all at the bottom of this parade, or whether there may not be a great deal more than his stupid eyes can see. There is an obvious scrappiness about the story, and he might possibly have cast about to justify it, had not the author taken the trouble to do so himself. Hence more flutters. However, nonsense apart, there is good in the story. Not so much in the first three-quarters, where we are told how a boy went through the horrors of imprisonment in a lunatic asylum and the dread of recapture when he escaped. Mr. Ruding does not do this better than many others, and there are little passages here and there that have no connexion with the inner tragedy, just pieces that must make their appearance in, say, a detective story, a thing that has no insides. But there is a good conception in the second part, a suggestion of the unfairness in judging harshly of a boy who has been wrecked by violent ill-treatment, who has had no chance. The practical lawyer is disappointed in Cecil, and, now that he is apparently out of

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danger, throws him over, finding him "lethargic, unambitious, and of a very unamiable temper." He fails to see that the boy is "coming through a long convalescence," and Cecil himself says "when I do nothing I am accused of 'doubting madness.' When I seek help or advice, I am told that I must live my own life. When I act for myself, I am told 'to do nothing rash.' Because I am a wronged man, every one presumes to dictate to me and judge me." Two of the best suggestions are compressed in the last sentence of that preface which at first appeared rather gratuitous—"I have sought to defend weakness, in the court of humanity, and to satirize the strong . . . who demand bricks without straw." "Satirize" is perhaps not exactly the right word in sense or rhythm. After all, the preface only reveals a most laudable desire on the author's part to be writing, and he is not mistaken in thinking that he has the writer in him. Furthermore, it turns out that the peccant lines from De Musset are a sort of prophetic finish to the abrupt conclusion; though whether it is justifiable for an author to cast off his burden on to another's shoulders is a question that might be worth arguing. However, there must be something telling in the last part of "An Evil Motherhood," because, to judge it by a very philistine and commonplace standard, it rouses in us a great wish to go out and find Cecil and bring him back with us to a peaceful, noisy, gossipy dinner at home; and perhaps a woman who had read the book would want to take the poor boy's head on her lap and nurse him to sleep. However he goes out, by himself, to build up his life, to be "in a novel sense a self-made man."

We have also received Lean's "Royal Navy List" for July (Witherby); "The Statistical Year-Book of Canada" for 1895 (Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau); Vol. VIII. (the last) of Green's "History of the English People" in Macmillan's "Eversley" Series; Vols. 37-41 of Constable's reprint of the "Waverley Novels," namely, "The Betrothed," "The Talisman," "Woodstock" (2 vols.), "Fair Maid of Perth" (2 vols.), "Highland Widow"; "Afrique Physique," Sheet 57 in the "Atlas Universel de Géographie," par Vivien de Saint-Martin et Fr. Schrader (Paris: Hachette).

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Friday. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY ADVERTISEMENT OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, CORNHILL, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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REPORT ON OPERATIONS FOR MONTH ENDING JUNE 30, 1896.

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CAPITAL - - - £200,000.

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LOCAL SECRETARIES.

THE NEW AFRICAN COMPANY, LIMITED, NATIONAL BANK
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The General Manager reports that the yield in gold has kept a very good average.

STAMP MILL.	Days and hours	April	May	June
50 Stamps ran	Tons	23'6	24	24
Ore crushed		3,600	3,700	4,030
Crushed per Stamp per day of 24 hours		3'1	3'08	3'03
Gold won (Plates and Concentrates) ..	Ozs.	1,173	1,148	1,277'2
Average Yield of Gold from Plates and Concentrates ..	per Ton	6½ dwts.	6½ dwts.	6½ dwts.

BATTERY.—Delays were caused by the worn out state of the tailings pump and to the several breakdowns of the old pump at the dam.

ORE AT SURFACE.—The reserves of ore at grass have been increased from 670 tons last month to 2,020 tons. It is the intention to increase this reserve to about 8,000 or 10,000 tons within the next three months, so as to be able to meet with eventualities when the new battery commences working.

CYANIDE WORKS.	April	May	June
Tonnage treated	3,730	3,750	3,450
Yield	412'7 OZS.	402'75 OZS.	358 OZS.
Cost per ton	3'8	3'9	4'6
Actual extraction	67%	65%	63%
Assay value of Tailings ..	3'8	2'58	3'7

CYANIDE WORKS.—The old tailings reserves have all been treated. The battery alone cannot supply the full capacity of the cyanide plant, which explains the falling off in the output.

NATIVE LABOUR.—Is still plentiful, but the contemplated reduction in wages was not fully executed, as the old and best "boys" started leaving in great numbers. It is hoped to do it with success simultaneously with other mines at the end of July.

NEW WORKS.—A great deal of work has been done on the headgear, hauling engine house, and battery. Mill engine has arrived, and is now being erected.

ACCOUNTS.

I.—COST OF PRODUCTION AND COST PER TON MILLED.

	April, 1896		May, 1896	
	Gross	Per Ton	Gross	Per Ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mining	2,088 7 1	0 16 7 ¹⁰⁰	2,031 0 7	0 15 10 ¹⁰⁰
Transport	161 8 4	0 0 10 ¹⁰⁰	164 11 3	0 0 10 ¹⁰⁰
Milling	545 2 8	0 3 0 ¹⁰⁰	585 10 2	0 3 1 ¹⁰⁰
Maintenance	257 9 3	0 1 3 ¹⁰⁰	326 15 5	0 1 9 ¹⁰⁰
Redemption	630 0 0	0 3 6	647 10 0	0 3 6
General Charges	340 9 9	0 1 10 ¹⁰⁰	340 9 9	0 1 10 ¹⁰⁰
	4,993 17 1	1 7 4 ¹⁰⁰	4,995 17 8	1 7 0 ¹⁰⁰

	June, 1896	
	Gross	Per Ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mining	3,705 13 11	0 15 9 ¹⁰⁰
Transport	153 5 3	0 0 9 ¹⁰⁰
Milling	599 1 0	0 2 7 ¹⁰⁰
Maintenance	558 10 6	0 2 9 ¹⁰⁰
Redemption	708 15 0	0 3 6
General Charges	340 9 9	0 1 8 ¹⁰⁰
	5,493 13 1	1 7 1 ¹⁰⁰

ACCOUNTS—continued

	April, 1896		May, 1896	
	Gross	Per Ton	Gross	Per Ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Cyanide Works	692 15 2 (3,730 Tons)	0 3 8 ¹⁰⁰	741 15 9 (3,750 Tons)	0 3 11 ¹⁰⁰
Total Costs	£5,615 12 3	£1 11 0 ¹⁰⁰	£5,737 12 11	£1 10 11 ¹⁰⁰
Realised per ton	—	1 11 4	—	1 9 7 ¹⁰⁰
Profit per ton	—	£0 0 3 ¹⁰⁰	—	Loss £0 1 3 ¹⁰⁰

	June, 1896	
	Gross	Per Ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Cyanide Works	725 9 8 (3,450 Tons)	0 4 6 ¹⁰⁰
Total Costs	£6,221 5 1	£1 11 8 ¹⁰⁰
Realised per ton	—	1 8 3 ¹⁰⁰
Profit per ton	—	Loss £0 3 5 ¹⁰⁰

II.—REVENUE.

	April, 1896				May, 1896			
	Ozs.	Value			Ozs.	Value		
		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Gold at 73'3	1,173 ¹¹²	4,281	9	0	1,140 ¹¹⁰	4,179	1	
Concentrates at 50'	—	—			—	—		
Cyanide Process	412 ¹⁰⁰	1,297	16	0	402 ¹⁰⁰	1,307	1	4
	1,585 ¹¹²	£5,579	5	0	1,543 ¹¹⁰	£5,486	2	8
Rents		32	0	0		32	0	0
	per ton	31'2			per ton	29 9		
Total Revenue		£5,611	5	0		£5,518	2	8

		June, 1896	
		Ozs.	Value
			£ s. d.
Gold at 73 ³ / ₄	1,276 ¹⁰⁰	4,530 0 2
Concentrates at 50 ¹ / ₂	—	—
Cyanide Process	358 ¹¹⁰	1,192 11 5
		<u>1,634¹⁰⁰</u>	<u>£5,722 11 7</u>
Rents		32 0 0
		per ton	
Total Revenue	28 ⁵ / ₈	£5,754 11 7

III.—PROFIT.

	April, 1896	May, 1896	June, 1896
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Estimated Profit (Cyanide Works) ..	651 13 10	565 5 7	407 1 9
Profit for Month (Plates & Concentrates)	Loss 381 8 3	Loss 724 15 10	Loss 933 15 3
Total Profit for Month	£70 5 7	£219 10 3	£526 13 6

IV.—CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

	April, 1895	May, 1896	June, 1896
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Permanent Works	304 18 11	1,371 16 5	1,093 3 4
Development	2,485 15 1	3,416 3 10	3,817 1 6
Buildings	753 2 5	1,364 10 10	3,216 7 2
Machinery and Plant	12,104 7 8	7,822 0 10	5,847 9 1
Surface Works	653 17 0	1,466 15 4	—
Furniture	—	6 8 0	82 12 6
Tools and Appliances	—	105 18 6	—
Live Stock	—	—	95 15
	£16,302 1 1	£15,553 19 9	£14,152 8 7

18 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C., 21 August, 1896. By order of the Board, STUART JAMES HOGG, *Secretary*.

THE VAN RYN GOLD MINES ESTATE, LIM.

Development Assays for Month of June, 1893.

Locality whence taken	Width of Reef	Assay value	Width of Stop	Value over
	Inches	ozs. dwts. grs.	Inches	ozs. dwts. grs.
MINE No. 4.				
4th Level, East Drive	23	0 9 3	30	0 7 1
4th " 1st Winze East	15	0 12 19	30	0 6 9
4th " 3rd Rise West	21	1 0 10	33	0 14
2nd " East Drive	7	6 7 17	30	1 9 19
1st " Leader Drive West	4	1 2 6	18	0 4 22
1st " Rise on Leader East	2	1 0 18	18	0 2 7
MINE No. 5.				
2nd Level, East Drive, Hanging Leader	6	3 5 5	24	0 16 7
2nd Level, East Drive, Foot Leader	3	2 14 2	24	0 7 7

21 August, 1896.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

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